THE HOTTEST YOUNG MAN IN TOWN



SEE PAGE 46

JUN 20 1956

modern screen

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DELL

elp
KIM NOVAK
make the
iggest
decision of
her life

ROGER CUPY



FABULOUS OFFER
"PINK T. N. T." SCARF

designed by *Anne Fogarty*

Get the lovely PINK T. N. T. scarf shown here designed by Anne Fogarty! Imported pure silk crepe; 35 inches square; hand-rolled edges! Guaranteed $3 value, it's yours for $1 plus tab or card marked Scarf Offer on PINK T. N. T. lipstick or polish. Mail with name and address to Cutex, Box 110, N. Y. 46, N. Y. In Canada: Cutex, Box 1171, Station "O," St. Laurent, Montreal. Allow 3 weeks delivery. Expires Sept. 30, 1956.

Beautiful Dynamite for Lips and Fingertips

Gay as fireworks! Exciting as a carnival! "PINK T.N.T." is a radiant, rocketing new pink, sparked with a touch of blue. It's the hottest color that ever hit town . . . surefire ammunition for disarming your favorite masculine target! Get "PINK T.N.T." today and start the new season off with a beautiful bang!

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WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING MANICURE AIDS

NEW! CUTEX SATIN CLING LIPSTICK

Here's the new 24-hour-type lipstick by Cutex! Gives your lips round-the-clock color with no drying after-effect, 79¢. *SHEER LANOLIN LIPSTICK*, 59¢. For matching fingertips, chip-resistant *CUTEX*, longest wearing polish of all! Also, glamorous, iridescent *PEARL CUTEX*.



JUN 20 1956



Germs are the major cause of bad breath . . . no tooth paste kills germs like Listerine, instantly, by millions. The most common cause of bad breath is the fermentation of proteins which are always present in your mouth. Germs in your mouth attack proteins, cause them to ferment, and bad breath may result. So, the more you reduce germs in the mouth, the longer your breath stays sweeter.

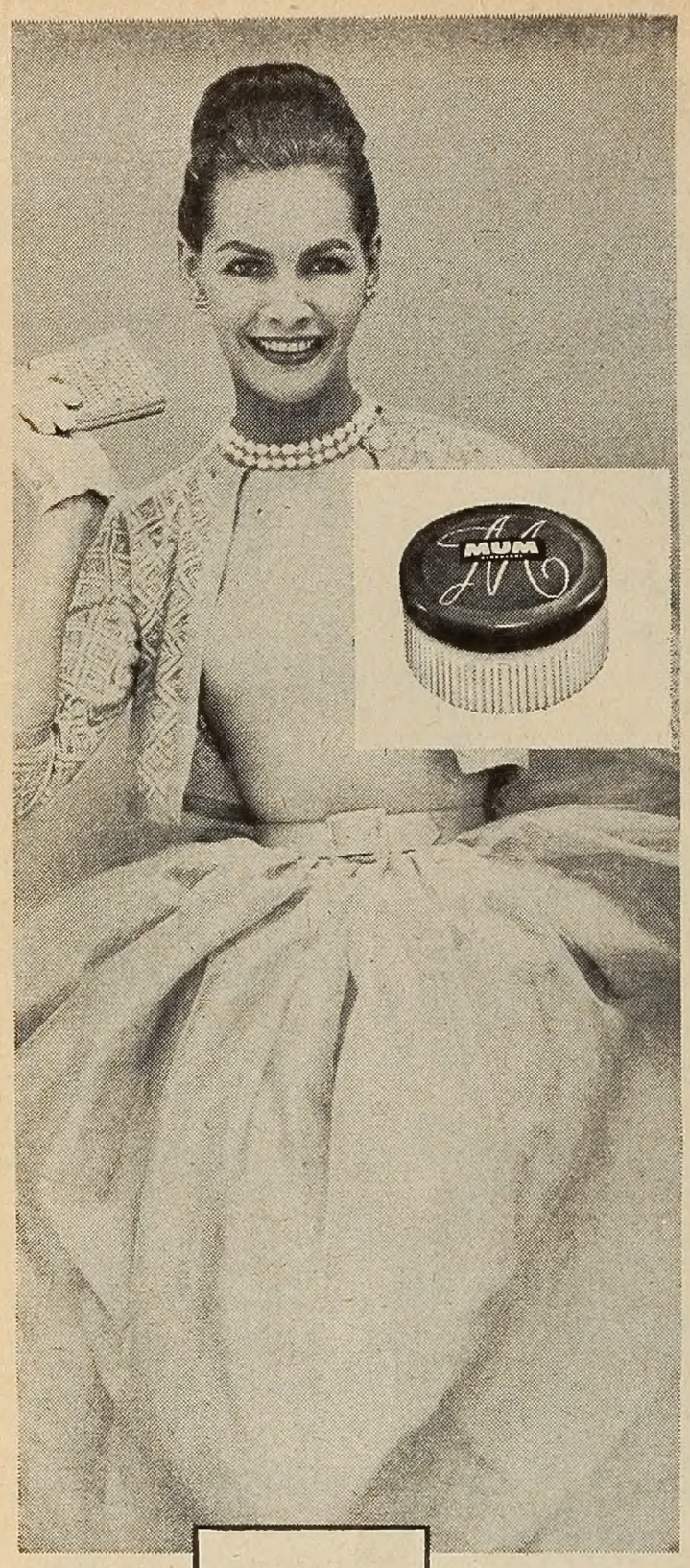
Listerine Antiseptic kills germs on contact! Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions . . . instantly halts the fermentation that they cause. Keeps breath sweet and clean usually for hours on end. In clinical tests Listerine averaged four times better in stopping bad breath than the tooth pastes it was tested against.

Listerine Antiseptic acts on many surfaces. Listerine kills germs on the teeth, mouth and throat. No tooth paste offers proof like Listerine of killing germs that cause bad breath.



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The most widely used antiseptic in the world

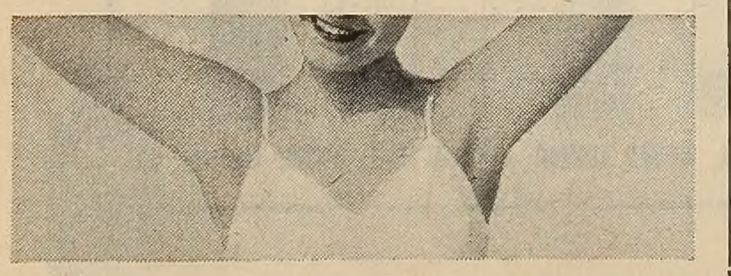


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The doctor's deodorant discovery that now safely stops odor 24 hours a day

You're serene. You're sure of yourself. You're bandbox perfect from the skin out. And you stay that way night and day with New Mum Cream.

Because New Mum now contains M-3 (hexachlorophene) which clings to your skin—keeps on stopping perspiration odor 24 hours a day. So safe you can use it daily—won't irritate normal skin or damage fabrics.



Underarm comparison tests made by doctors proved a deodorant *without* M-3 stopped odor only a few hours—while New Mum *with* M-3 stopped odor a full 24 hours!

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July, 1956

AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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*On the cover: Color portrait of Kim Novak by John Engstead. Kim can currently be seen in Columbia's *The Eddy Duchin Story*. Other photographers' credits on page 92.

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AFLAME WITH GENIUS AND DESIRE, Vincent Van Gogh wished, like other men, to be loved, to be famous. But his genius—his demon—drove him into a life of incredible violence. His search for a wife was frustrated by his own frenzy. People called him a madman. His paintings were laughed at. Today they are priceless—acclaimed as the work of an incomparably great artist. This truly extraordinary motion picture tells the story of his tumultuous life....from the frank and revealing novel,"Lust For Life."





LUST FOR LIFE

From M-G-M in CinemaScope and MetroColor starring KIRK DOUGLAS in

co-starring ANTHONY QUINN · JAMES DONALD · PAMELA BROWN with
EVERETT SLOANE · Screen Play by NORMAN CORWIN · Based on the Novel by Irving Stone
Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI · Produced by JOHN HOUSEMAN · An M-G-M Picture

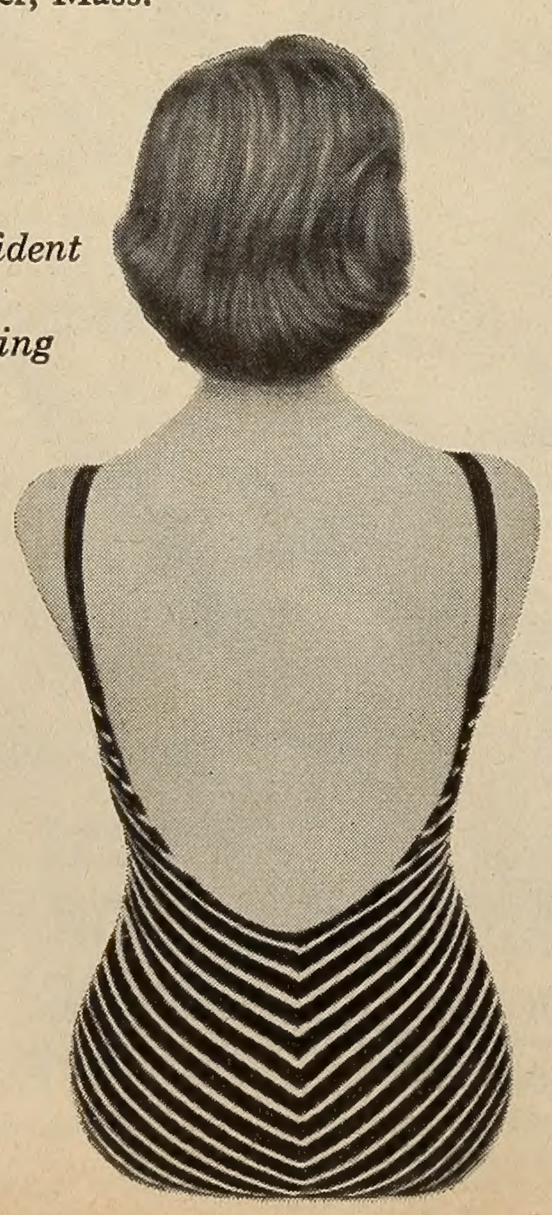
Don't be home-bound when you should be beach bound!

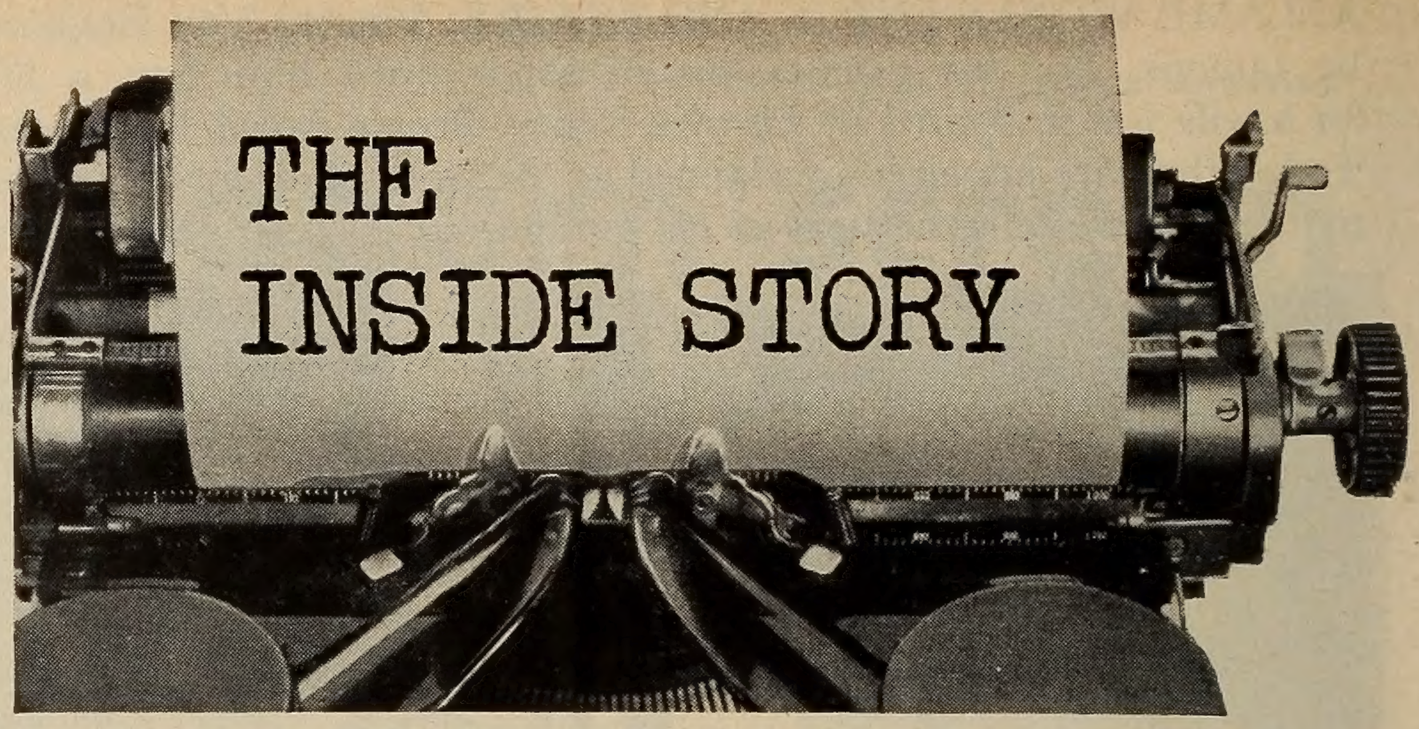
The lame excuses, the *you-run-along's* and *count-me-out's* are as dated as the flapper dress. Today's smart girls never let time-of-the-month interfere with a beach party. They rely on Tampax internal sanitary protection.

You know, of course, that you *can* go swimming with Tampax. But you don't have to, if you don't feel like it! The main advantage of Tampax is that it's completely invisible under either a wet or a dry bathing suit. You can simply sit on the beach, and no one will guess your secret.

Tampax has many other advantages that keep you feeling secure. It prevents odor from forming. Never chafes or irritates. Is easy to dispose of. In fact, in every way, it's nicer, daintier, more fastidious. Get your choice of 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) at any drug or notion counter. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Feel confident in a bathing suit





Want the real truth? Write to INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 8701 W. Third St., Los Angeles 48, Cal. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q. Is it true that Gene Kelly's wife, Betsy Blair, was recently arrested in Madrid? —H.B., Boston, Mass.

A. *No. She was making a film in Valencia with Spanish director Juan Antonio Bardem when Bardem was arrested by the secret police, held for a while, then released.*

Q. Can you tell me if Lou Costello of Abbott & Costello ever said, "When I first knew Dean Martin his face looked like a banana split without ice cream?" If so, why?—D.L., Youngstown, Ohio

A. *Costello once had Martin under personal contract, shelled out $900 to have Martin's nose bobbed by a plastic surgeon.*

Q. What is Jeff Hunter's real name?
—F.F., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Henry McKinnies, Jr.*

Q. When Jeff Chandler played Las Vegas did a woman throw a glass of wine in his face and insult him? Wasn't the whole thing hushed up?
—V.F., Reno, Nev.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Has Judy Garland been in a sanitarium? Aren't she and Sid Luft in debt to the government?—B.E., N.Y.C.

A. *Judy stayed at Orchard Gables Sanitarium for a short period. The federal government has a lien for 1952-53 taxes against Mr. and Mrs. Sid Luft for $20,891.09.*

Q. How are things with Rita Hayworth's ex, crooner Dick Haymes?
—D.L., Denver, Col.

A. *Not so good. His $5,000 convertible sports car has been attached by a Hollywood supermarket for non-payment of a $516 bill.*

Q. Can you tell me why Lana Turner, Ann Blyth, Esther Williams, Jane Powell and Elaine Stewart are no longer under exclusive contract to MGM?
—S.N., Baltimore, Md.

A. *The studio doesn't have enough pictures to keep them occupied.*

Q. Did Jean-Pierre Aumont marry Marisa Pavan out of spite because Grace Kelly kissed him off? How old is Aumont? —T.K., New Orleans, La.

A. *Aumont, 46, and Miss Pavan are deeply in love.*

Q. Is it true that Jerry Lewis and Milton Berle will no longer talk to each other? If so, why? —D.M., N.Y.C.

A. *True. Basis of the feud is a misunderstanding concerning a personal appearance on the Berle program.*

Q. What is the real reason Gloria Vanderbilt walked out of the Frank Sinatra picture, *Johnny Concho*?
—D.V., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Sinatra was not quite as attentive as Miss Vanderbilt thought he should have been.*

Q. I've been told on good authority that Tony Curtis is suffering from a swelled head, will no longer give fan magazine interviews. Is it true?
—D.H., Hollywood, Cal.

A. *Tony and wife Janet Leigh have asked their press agent to turn down fan magazine writers assigned to probe their love life or Tony's visits to a psychiatrist. He does not refuse interviews.*

Q. Can you tell me how much money Clark Gable will make from *The Tall Men?* —L.T., Troy, N.Y.

A. *Gable owns 10% of the picture. To date it has grossed $3,800,000. A worldwide gross of $5,000,000 is expected. Gable's share will be $500,000.*

Q. Can you tell me what ever happened to that great director, Frank Capra? —C.L., Youngstown, Ohio

A. *Capra retired temporarily, has signed to do a single picture at Columbia Studios.*

Q. Is the Peggy Lee-Dewey Martin romance serious or a stunt?
—B.H., Denver, Col.

A. *Serious.*

Q. There is a rumor going around that Perry Como has been signed to make three Hollywood pictures, one with George Gobel. Please comment.
—B.E., Baltimore, Md.

A. *Como has no intention in the near future of making motion pictures in Hollywood.*

Paramount presents

BOB HOPE · EVA MARIE SAINT · GEORGE SANDERS

IN

THAT CERTAIN FEELING

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

IT GIVES YOU THAT WONDERFUL FEELING



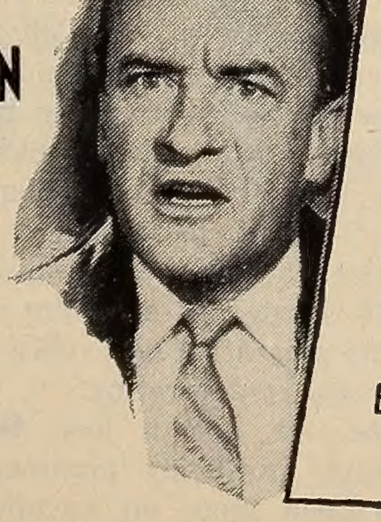
It's all heart! Bob Hope, one of the greatest of all comic performers, in a picture that tops "The Seven Little Foys" in tenderness, warmth and feeling! Based on the terrific Broadway play, it's about a boy and his dog, a guy who'd failed and a girl who loved him enough to turn him into a nationally famed cartoonist!

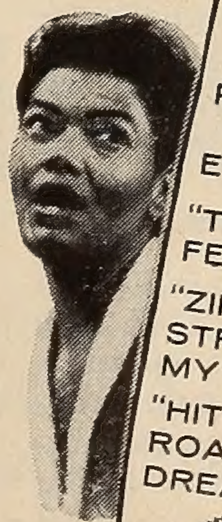
with PEARL BAILEY

Produced and Directed by
NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK

Screenplay by
NORMAN PANAMA and MELVIN FRANK, I. A. L. DIAMOND, WILLIAM ALTMAN

Based on a play by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke





Pearl Sings... and Everybody Swings!

"THAT CERTAIN FEELING"

"ZING WENT THE STRINGS OF MY HEART"

"HIT THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND"

VISTAVISION MOTION PICTURES HIGH-FIDELITY

New sunshine yellow shampoo puts sunny sparkle in hair!



silkier...softer...easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead? You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic *conditioning* touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really *different* shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, $1.

Helene Curtis
shampoo
plus egg[2%]

SUPER FAST RINSING!

TV TALK

Godfrey-Parker feud? . . . It pays to be a dog . . . The truth about Grace

Sometimes the sets that TV stars work on reflect their own homes. The rooms on the *Ozzie And Harriet* show, for instance, are fairly similar to the real-life house of the **Nelsons; Harriet** took a hand in both decorating jobs, and her love of comfortable Colonial surroundings is evident in both places. But you'd never expect a set like that on the **Ernie Kovacs Show** to have anything to do with Ernie's own personal tastes. Most people who see his morning NBC show and notice the rather medieval air about it—the swords and the armor—take it for granted that it's just a gag. Far from it. It just so happens that Ernie and his wife, **Edith Adams,** are crazy about medieval furnishings, and their home is chock full of antiques out of the 15th Century. They, and Ernie's two children, live in a huge fourteen-room duplex apartment overlooking Central Park in New York. . . . The changes in the **Arthur Godfrey** television schedule were bound to come. He may be getting older and we know he is ill and in pain, but he is too much of a showman to keep on with a format when the rating's slipping, slipping, slipping. He's also too fond of the Good Old TV Days, when he was kingpin, to be happy being reminded constantly by the press that no longer is he in the Top Ten. What we can't understand is why anybody who's been making some $900,000 a year (that's right, $900,000) for umpty-ump years should work at all any more. The answer, of course, is the actor's ego, which forces him to perform in order to be happy. So don't expect Godfrey to drop everything and disappear. And don't believe anything you read about his feuding with **Frank Parker.** As we've told you, Godfrey will take things from Frank that he'll take from no one else; they are friends, and they'll remain friends. Godfrey gets mad when he reads rumors about his feuding with other people; he laughs off the ones about Frank because he knows they're not true . . . It's hard to believe, but **Robert Cummings** honestly thinks that his television show is educational—that it can help parents in raising their children and help teen agers know how to behave. . . . Everybody knows that **Lassie** is a male dog, but few people know why: It's because female dogs are more likely to shed and get bare spots than males are, and a television dog has to be telegenic! It pays to be a TV dog, by the way: The original Lassie earned more than a half million dollars for his owner. The current one, the star of the *Lassie* show, does quite nicely, too, thank you—and gets rewarded by getting nothing but broiled T-bone steak for food. His meals are so good that little **Tommy Rettig,** who plays Lassie's master, often shares Lassie's lunch with him. . . . **Edward R. Murrow** has always had a rather old-fashioned, workmanlike office in comparison with the other officials at CBS, but all that's been changed now. While he was in Africa for two weeks doing a *See It Now,* CBS decided to give him a surprise welcome-home present: a new office. His secretary oversaw the redecorating . . . It was bound to come out, and it has: **Grace Kelly** is not always faultlessly groomed and coiffed. She has been seen, on vacations, with her hair dried out and stringy and with her nails bitten down to the quick. Maybe that's why she always wears gloves!



They were like two blazing weapons in the hot Santiago sun... 'Cash' Adams, who'd even run guns into hell for a price— and the girl who put a price on his head!

WARNER BROS.
PRESENT IN
WARNERCOLOR

ALAN LADD · ROSSANA PODESTA IN "SANTIAGO"

THAT 'HELEN OF TROY' GIRL

ALSO STARRING
LLOYD NOLAN AND CHILL WILLS

SCREEN PLAY BY MARTIN RACKIN AND JOHN TWIST

PRODUCED BY MARTIN RACKIN

DIRECTED BY GORDON DOUGLAS

Doctors Prove a One-Minute Massage with

PALMOLIVE SOAP CAN GIVE YOU A

Cleaner, fresher complexion today!

GETS HIDDEN DIRT THAT ORDINARY CLEANSING METHODS MISS!



1. Dirt left on face after ordinary cleansing! *Rub your face hard with a cotton pad after ordinary casual cleansing with any soap or cold cream. You'll see that you didn't remove deep-down dirt and make-up. "Ordinary-clean" is just superficially clean!*

2. Beautifully clean after 60-second Palmolive facial! *Rub your face the same way after 60-second massage with Palmolive. Pad is still snowy-white! "Palmolive-clean" is deep-down clean. Your skin is free of clinging dirt that casual cleansing misses.*

Only a Soap This Mild can work so thoroughly yet so gently!

Palmolive beauty care cleans cleaner, cleans deeper, without irritation!

Doctors have proved that Palmolive beauty care *can* give you a cleaner, fresher complexion the very first time you use it! That's because Palmolive care gets your skin *deep-down* clean by removing the hidden, clinging dirt that casual methods miss.

Here's the easy method: Just massage your face with Palmolive's rich, gentle lather for 60 seconds, morning and night. Rinse and pat dry. It's that simple! But remember . . . only a soap that is *truly* mild can cleanse thoroughly without leaving your face feeling drawn and uncomfortable. That's why Palmolive's mildness is so important to you. Try mild Palmolive Soap today for new complexion beauty!



DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood



Published here for the first time in America are the Palace exclusives: a precious collection of the best pictures of our lovely Grace and her Prince

(see next pages)

Photo by Howell Conant



The most beautiful picture of all is of







No one was there on the Palace balcony but Grace and her bridesmaids and Howell Conant, the only photographer allowed in her chambers. There Grace slipped away from the others, to spend her last moments as a bride-to-be alone with her dreams. Before that she had posed for Howell with all her attendants, and then even noticed a rumpled hat and helped fix it. And then Howell saw her standing alone, and took the picture of her on the right— the loveliest I've ever seen of any bride, looking out over her new world.

Grace's most private moment, just before she left for the wedding



LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



And here are the most exciting moments...



Grace's father arrived and they left for the Cathedral together. Because Rainier is royalty and Grace was still only a "half-way Princess" after her civil wedding the day before, she had to arrive first and wait for him at the altar. She didn't find out about that till the wedding rehearsal, but all she said was, "If that's the case, I'll do it."



As soon as she arrived at the altar, he started down the aisle. Then they took Holy Communion—and Grace wept. Everyone thought the Prince had trouble putting the ring on Grace's finger, but actually it was prearranged that she would help him—to show her willingness to marry. Then they received a Papal Blessing, read by the Vatican legate.





A lot of people noticed that at both weddings Grace kept looking lovingly at the Prince while he just stared straight ahead of him. And in the car leaving the Cathedral afterwards, she actually asked him—though she was laughing—to kiss her, and he shook his head "No!" Well, people think this means he is cold, but that isn't true. It's just that royalty never *shows affection in public, and Grace must learn that that's part of being a Princess. Well, as they say—may that be the worst of her troubles and she'll have a happy life. By the way, isn't Grace's mother (below at the luncheon) stunning?*





Two sad partings . . . one happy reconciliation

louella parsons in the NEWS!

As this is written, I am the only reporter who has talked with both Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman since Jeanne shocked the world by announcing divorce plans.

Jeanne said to me, "Never once did I mention to Paul that article printed in a 'whisper' magazine about us. That article which many people blamed for our break-up had nothing to do with it."

There was heartache in every fibre of her voice as she went on. "Beyond that, there is little I can discuss about the reason for what must seem to you and Hollywood and the whole world a sudden decision to end our marriage.

"It was not sudden, believe me. For two years the situation between Paul and me has been intolerable for *many* reasons. But because of my religion and my love for our four children I had hoped to keep up a front that all was well between us. It was only at long last when I realized it was no longer possible to keep up this pretense that I took the irrevocable step of divorce."

Jeanne confided all this to me just a short time after she left a hospital. She had been a patient there for five days. She would not say for what reason, and I did not press her.

I told her that I had talked with Paul over the telephone just a few hours previous to her call. Jeanne made no comment when I said that he broke down and sobbed like a baby trying to talk with me about their parting.

"She won't talk to me—she won't talk to me," he kept saying over and over, "after eleven years of marriage, she won't even talk to me, despite all the happiness we have had together."

"Do you mean to say that right up to the time Jeanne left you there had been no trouble?" I asked Paul.

He said, "No. There has always been the problem of Jeanne's family not liking me. You remember the bitterness her mother felt at the time we eloped?" I certainly did. Jeanne's family was very explicit about *not* wanting Paul for a son-in-law or relative. Paul went on, "For eleven years I have had to battle family resentment."

I have no doubt that what he said was true. But nothing in the world will make me believe that Jeanne's family is the cause of the rift between them. Their lovely family of four adorable children is proof that these two could weather outside interference.

As sad as I feel to say it—the parting of the Brinkmans is a very serious thing. But time is a wonderful healer and an even more wonderful one is—prayer. I know their fans as well as their friends are hoping and praying that Jeanne and Paul can forgive and forget all this bitterness which has separated them.

TALK ABOUT BEING CYNICAL! Some of the titles being registered with the Title Registration Bureau of the Motion Picture Producers Association by some of the smaller and independent movie companies are eyebrow-lifting to say the least.

Libra company has put "dibs" on *The Broken-hearted Princess* (?????!!!!)

Still another asking for copyright is *The Prince She Left Behind*. And *The Taming Of The Yankee Princess*.

Are these all just in case? Isn't anyone coming up with *They Lived Happily Ever After*?

BEST FRIENDS: An almost inseparable foursome around town are Lana Turner and Lex Barker and Joan Caulfield and Frank Ross. These happily married people dine at each other's house, play golf, go to neighborhood movie theatres and vie over which couple barbeques the best steaks. The friendship started when the Barkers and the Rosses were vacationing at Acapulco—and continued when they returned to Hollywood.

Who says that movie beauties can't be friends? Although Lana and Joan are both blonde beauties with lovely figures, Lana was the first to okay Joan to be in her picture, *The Rains Of Ranchipur*.

ANITA EKBERG has the Continental outlook where other romances in the life of her fiancé, Anthony Steel, are concerned. She was asked if Tony had told her about the beautiful secretary in London to whom he had paid ardent court until Anita came along.

"Of course not," snapped the beautiful Swede, "any more than I would discuss with him men who have been in love with me. I have no interest in the past of the man I love. Only in his future."

I bet American men wish American women would develop this same lack of curiosity.

TOGETHER AGAIN: The reconciled Dean Martins are trying a new recipe for happiness. They've bought a hideaway, a small ranch type house in the Valley, and there'll be no "drop in" friends such as used to make their Beverly Hills home a sort of second "club."

One of Jeanne's complaints at the time of her trouble is that she didn't share enough of Dean's life, particularly in his career. "Too many pals hanging around," she explained.

Now some of these same pals don't even have the new address or telephone number of the Martins, who really seem very happy these days being with each other.

TALK ABOUT PUZZLES! Jack Lemmon was at home suffering from a virus infection and bad cold, and Mrs. Lemmon was taking care of him at the very time he was saying to me over the telephone:

"Our separation is not as sudden as it seems. We have not been getting along for a long time. At last Cynthia and I decided that it was no longer possible for us to save our marriage and that it is not good for our child to grow up in an atmosphere of disharmony and bickering."

Just then it sounded as if someone—probably Cynthia—was handing him a hot cup of tea or coffee!

If the Lemmons have been battling for a long period, it's most assuredly a surprise to their closest friends. One of their pals said to me, "I've never heard them exchange a cross word—much less battle."

One point both are insistent about is that Jack's big success in *Mister Roberts*, his winning of an Oscar as the best supporting actor, and his new-found fame had nothing to do with their startling decision to seek a divorce.

I shall never forget how happy the Lemmons were as my guests at the opening night party at the Beverly Hilton. Cynthia looked so pretty and Jack beamed with pride everytime he looked at her.

He whispered to me, "Cynthia shopped at



THEY PRETENDED TOO LONG—that's what Jeanne Crain told me. But I cannot believe that all their happiness was make believe.



THEY GAVE UP TOO SOON—and I hope the Jack Lemmons won't go on telling themselves their divorce is for the sake of their child!

. . . a new teen craze . . .

the last minute and bought her dress for $69.50. I think she looks more beautiful than any of the women in their gowns which cost hundreds. Don't you?"

I sigh as I wonder: What in the world happens to these young people who have so much—and who give it up so easily?

IT HAPPENED AGAIN—as usual when Marilyn Monroe starts a picture. Marilyn became ill the second week of shooting on *Bus Stop* and her doctors put her in the hospital. Her condition was diagnosed as a virus, a chest cold, bronchitis, fatigue, tension—and one daring medico even went so far as to say, "It's her old ailment of insecurity and lack of confidence in herself, which subconsciously overtakes Marilyn every time she starts work on a new film."

Anyway, even her closest adviser, Milt Greene, was barred from her hospital room while the one and only Monroe recovered from—whatever was ailing her.

Before M.M. took sick, she was taking a lot of ribbing from the *Bus Stop* cast and crew because the new leading man, Don Murray, who makes love to Marilyn in the movie, up and married the pretty starlet in the picture, Hope Lange.

By way of proving that she really has a sense of humor, Marilyn would hum "The One I Love Belongs To Somebody Else" every time the blushing Don arrived on the set.

A BOOK ABOUT JIMMY: I'm sure all you fans who are still so deeply devoted to the memory of James Dean will want to know that Nick Ray, Jimmy's close friend and director of *Rebel Without A Cause*, is writing a book on your idol.

Nick promises to reveal many heretofore untold incidents and facets of Jimmy's life and personality for the first time. I know you'll want to read it, even though for the life of me I can't think of what can be said about the beloved Jimmy that hasn't already been printed.

PARTY OF THE MONTH: Never had a better time in my life than I did at the cocktail party Pat and Charles Boyer gave at Romanoff's honoring that old smoothie, Maurice Chevalier.

Maybe this was because more stars turned out than I have seen at a single social affair in months. And you know me. No matter how much fun I'm having, I always have an eye out for the names that make news. Seems everybody wanted to welcome Maurice back to Hollywood, the town where he reigned as one of the biggest film stars twenty years ago.

Even the Ronald Colmans who never, or seldom, step out were on hand and I think it's a shame that Ronnie doesn't make more movies. He's even more fascinating—if possible—than the last time I saw him and Benita.

Gary Cooper, I think, has put on a few pounds—but it's becoming. He told me, "I don't know how the talk ever got started that I don't like to go to parties. All I ever need is the invitation," Gary laughed. "I wouldn't have missed this one for Chevalier."



I nominate for stardom:
VERA MILES

■ Vera is the only young actress ever put under personal contract by Alfred Hitchcock and of her, he says "She's the next Grace Kelly."

She adores Hitch—but it infuriates her to be compared to Grace despite the facts that they are both poised, blonde beauties and "ladies" and both have extraordinary talent.

Vera even used to wear white gloves. But she gave them up when they became Princess Grace's trademark.

Vera is already the mother of two, a girl and a boy, born during her marriage to Bob Miles, Jr.

An amazing factor of Vera's career is that she has practically become a star without the public having had a chance to get a good look at her. As this is written, her first important picture, *The Searchers* with John Wayne, is just being released generally, *Autumn Leaves* with Joan Crawford is just coming out, *23 Paces To Baker Street* with Van Johnson won't be out for months and neither will her current film, *The Wrong Man*, in which she has the lead with Henry Fonda.

A native of Boise City, Oklahoma, Vera came up the beauty contest route—which led to good roles on TV. RKO and 20th Century-Fox both signed her to contracts—then dropped her. It wasn't until John Ford gave her the chief femme role in *The Searchers* that Hollywood began to whisper—loudly, "Here's our newest star."

P.S. While I'm on the subject—a lot of aspiring young actresses might take a hint from Vera and stop trying to look and act like Grace Kelly. Even Martha Hyer, who told me over the telephone that she isn't copying Grace, but is being completely herself, was recently told by a well-known producer who likes her, "Get off the Kelly kick before you hurt your career!"

All these girls seem to be posing for pictures with the same lady-like pose, the single strand of pearls, even the "serene" expression. Well, Hitch doesn't mind, but one top talent scout tells me his producer said, "Hollywood doesn't want *another* Grace Kelly. The original may be back. Tell 'em to be themselves!"



the letter box

The Letter of the Month comes from MARIE ADAMS *of* HILLSBORO, OREGON: "I have a problem. I am madly in love with George Sanders, which causes me to be extremely jealous of Zsa Zsa Gabor. Can you send me a picture of his first wife so I can see what other type of woman he might prefer, as I look nothing like Zsa Zsa Gabor?" *Relax, Marie. I told George about your letter and he said "I like all types —just as long as they're women!"*

CAROL DAWSON *has a suggestion for Hollywood producers:* "Why not revive the old Rudy Valentino hits with Fernando Lamas in Rudy's old roles. Lamas is the *most.*" *He'll be flattered, I'm sure.*

Nine-year-old PATTY MCNELIS, INDIANAPOLIS, *writes:* "My sister, who is eight weeks old, was very unadjusted (?) when she came home from the hospital after beginning life in an incubator. I wracked my brain and came up with the idea of stopping her crying by playing Doris Day records. Tell Doris that this unadjusted baby now gurgles when I play her records." *Cute?*

The Academy Award directors can go jump in the lake as far as JOYCE MILES, EBERFELD, INDIANA, *is concerned.* "How dare they not nominate Bob Hope for *The Seven Little Foys?* I don't know what people in Hollywood expect from a guy. Bob Hope is the greatest!"

BILL HOPPE, UNIONDALE, N.Y. *says:* "I saw my all-time favorite Judy Garland in her latest TV show and all I can say is that producers must be nuts not to have her working in a new picture. This girl has more talent in her little finger than most stars in their whole torso." *Calm yourself, Bill—there's a good chance that Judy will be in* The Helen Morgan Story *soon.*

That's all this month. Write me more of your interesting comments, as this Department will be enlarged.

Open letter to FRANKIE

Dear Frankie,
I honestly believe you are coming of age. I mean growing up emotionally as well as hitting your fortieth milestone.

Seems to me you are thinking things out now instead of acting on the spur of the moment and regretting your actions later.

One of the smartest things you've ever done is skipping the wedding of Grace Kelly and Prince Rainier after you learned that Ava Gardner would be there. With 1500 members of the press and photographers on hand, you and Ava would have been a three-ring circus of your own, taking second place only to Grace and His Serene Nibs, the headliners in that other three-ring circus.

Such a meeting in the spotlight of the whole world would have been an intolerable strain and have put both you and your estranged wife in a most embarrassing position.

Lately, Frankie, you appear to have settled down and to be taking yourself and your work seriously. You have improved your relations with the press to a marked degree. The newspapermen who met your plane in London on your trip to Spain reported, "Sinatra Witty and Charming at Airport." Another penned, "Former toss-pot seems to have matured."

You were willing to talk about anything and everything under the sun with just two exceptions—Nancy and Ava.

And that was a plenty sweet cable you sent your three children: *Dear Brood—Love you, miss you, need you always.* (Signed) *Dad.*

Keep up this new dignity and maturity, Frank. You're doing all right.

Love,
Louella

Spotted around the room I saw Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Joel McCrea and his lovely Frances, the Fredric Marches, Groucho Marx, Jack Benny and Burns and Allen.

As Maurice surveyed the lovely ladies he whispered in my ear, "Amazing, isn't it? The stars who were tops in my day, twenty-two years ago, are still tops. Who says the American public is fickle?" And he added gallantly, "The ladies look even younger."

THE BIGGEST LAUGH around town among the datable starlets is getting to be those "dinner invitations" extended by a good-looking but parsimonious young actor in the leading man bracket.

He works it like this: He calls a pretty girl and asks her to have dinner with him. The night of the date he calls up and says it's so crowded in the night clubs and so smoky—why doesn't she take a cab and come up to his place for a "quiet evening?" So the gal takes the cab (at her expense). He's always on the telephone when the bill is being paid.

But here's the "kicker"—he's always engaged in some manual labor about his house. Unpacking books or new records, painting the doors, even sometimes just cleaning up after a big party from the night before.

The first thing you know the girl is up to her elbows in the sink washing dirty dishes and glasses, straightening up—and one of them even used the vacuum cleaner throughout the place! But that's just the beginning!

"Dinner" usually consists of bacon and eggs, toast and coffee, which *she* cooks! Luckier ones (if you can call it that) are asked to stop by a market and pick up some steaks—for which Monsieur forgets to reimburse them!

All I can say to this young man is—have fun while you can. The gals are comparing notes about you—and none of them good!

YOUNG MAN FROM THE SOUTH: If I hadn't lived through some bobby-sox crazes—including Frank Sinatra, Johnnie Ray, Perry Como and Eddie Fisher—I swear I think I'd be worried over the effect Elvis Presley is having on you kids.

It was almost shocking to me to see Elvis at work in a newsreel shot made in San Diego. As this young man flayed his arms and legs while he sang to over 1000 kids, the cameras switched to the faces of the girls in the crowd. Bridey Murphy couldn't have looked more out of this world than most of them! Some of them had their eyes closed, as their whole bodies trembled in a frenzy.

When he was recently approached to play an engagement at the New Frontier in Las Vegas the management stated it could give him a four weeks booking.

Drawled southern Mr. Presley, "I can give you only two weeks of my time." Well, shiver my timbers!

THAT'S ALL FOR NOW. SEE YOU NEXT MONTH!

Ever-Lovin' viv

stays married to your lips...

goes on true-color, stays true-color always

The instant you touch your lips with VIV, the deep-glowing color comes alive, becomes a part of you . . . for keeps. For everlovin', ever-vivid VIV . . . the lipstick that softly caresses your lips with color, *stays* wedded to your lips, ever-true, day and night, for always. You know *this* color won't forsake you, won't stray, won't fade, for this is the one-and-only ever-lovin' VIV. . . and it's made by Toni.

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12 ever-true shades

VIV—Soft Touch, new 24-hour type $1.25 plus tax

VIV — Regular, creamy non-smear $1.10 plus tax

See? It's like washing your hair
in *naturally soft rainwater*



Rainwater-soft suds! New White Rain gives you floods of suds, soft as softest rainwater. Rainwater-clean rinsing, too . . . all dulling film disappears in a twinkling!



Rainwater-soft results! You comb out hair that's sunshine-bright . . . soft as a summer cloud. Yet all your sunny curls just naturally spring back into place!

NEW *White Rain*
LOTION SHAMPOO



Use New White Rain Shampoo tonight . . .
Tomorrow your hair will be sunshine bright!

GRACE KELLY TALKS ABOUT BEAUTY

Question: Did you ever have a big beauty problem?

Answer: I was once swaybacked—and I'll never forget it. When I was attending the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, there was a fine woman instructor. She insisted that I *would* learn to stand straight. She would make me lie on the floor, flat on my back. And when I was lying there as flat as I thought I possibly could, she would get down on the floor, too, and say, "I can see air!" And I would lie still flatter.

Actually, I am still swaybacked—and I work very hard at exercises to overcome it. Exercises and learning to "stand tall" (as my teacher would call it) correct posture defects. Sports like swimming and tennis help, too.

Question: Do you have any special beauty routines?

Answer: I don't have any special or favorite beauty routines; I think a pleasant appearance comes when make-up, grooming and personality blend to reflect the inner and outer person which is the real you. The more you learn about yourself, the easier it is to put your best foot forward, showing your best qualities and overcoming your bad ones.

But most important is this: If you are inwardly happy, it is bound to be reflected in the way you look. As you grow older, you learn that unhappiness leads only to unhappiness.

Question: Have you any rules for good grooming?

Answer: I'd say follow these three—

Cleanliness—freshness in everything, from hands and hair to clothes.

Neatness—simplicity and neatness make you look pleasing and feel good.

Feeling at home in what she wears aids a woman to be and look her best.



You should see

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY *because...*



ALTHOUGH YOU COULD CARVE IT ON A TREE, SHOUT IT FROM THE ROOFTOPS, WRITE IT INTO A LOVE SONG, PUT IT INTO A LOCKET OR HAVE WESTERN UNION SING IT...THE BEST WAY BY FAR TO SAY "I LOVE YOU" IS TO TAKE THE ONE YOU LOVE TO SEE THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY!

TYRONE POWER
KIM NOVAK



THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY

CinemaScope
COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

CO-STARRING
REX THOMPSON · JAMES WHITMORE WITH SHEPPERD STRUDWICK A COLUMBIA PICTURE
AND INTRODUCING
VICTORIA SHAW · SCREEN PLAY BY SAMUEL TAYLOR · STORY BY LEO KATCHER · PIANO RECORDINGS BY CARMEN CAVALLARO
PRODUCED BY JERRY WALD · DIRECTED BY GEORGE SIDNEY · ASSOCIATE PRODUCER JONIE TAPS



DISC JOCKEY DERBY WINNERS

Third Contest
(Female Singers From the Movies)

FIRST PRIZE:
RCA Victor Hi-Fi Phono

POLLY LOU SAWYER
1419 Myrtle Avenue
Norfolk 6, Virginia

SECOND PRIZE:
Slide-O-Matic Player

THELMA BLACK
Dallas 20, Texas

NORRIS CALHOUN
Employees Dormitory
State Sanatorium, Arkansas

MRS. DONALD SQUIRES
Rome, New York

MRS. MARY BOONE
Des Moines, Iowa

JUDY ROSEMARK
Poplar Bluff, Missouri

CAROL JOHNSON
Annandale, Minn.

GEORGENE B. HICKSON
Newark, New Jersey

MRS. FRANK CRISTELLI
Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

RAY R. REGAN
Arlington, Virginia

SYLVIA ANN LYNCH
Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

JOHNNIE LEE EVANS
Gainesville, Florida

SUZANNE TOEPFER
Madison 3, Wisconsin

MARY V. CURTIS
Orlando, Florida

MRS. FRANCES SOCKWELL
Daytona Beach, Florida

MRS. B. JOHNNY CROFT
Grand Ridge, Florida

MRS. PAUL DUFFY
Pontiac, Michigan

ROBERT T. COVERT
Detroit, Michigan

SUE WARREN
Schoals, Indiana

SUSIE PITTMAN
Dayton 5, Ohio

MRS. JAMES KREBS
Columbus 7, Ohio

MRS. JAMES A. BALCH
Chester Depot, Vermont

MRS. M. J. WATTENBARGER
St. Joseph, Missouri

HOWARD NEUJAHR
Surprise, Nebraska

FRAN GORMAN
Webster Groves, Missouri

ANN FRANCES HARDING
Ovid, New York

MRS. WARD REYNOLDS
Rochester 16, New York

NANCY STREEBECK
Los Angeles 48, California

JOYCE C. COLLETTI
Jeanerette, La.

MRS. SHIRLEY LIGHTELL
New Orleans, La.

JEAN GAUDET
Groton, Connecticut

CHARLES WALKER
Denver 19, Colorado

MRS. JACK CROW
Albuquerque, New Mexico

AGNES JEAN FOX
South Lifsnan, Ohio

JANETTA MONGOLD
Mathias, West Virginia

MARY TERRAN
Buffalo 13, New York

MRS. JEAN COOK
Charlotte 4, N. C.

HARRY M. SIMPSON
Salisbury, N. C.

BRENDA JOYCE TAYLOR
Portsmouth, Virginia

JOSEPHINE MESSER
Bessemer, Alabama

THIRD PRIZE:
Record Album

MRS. EDGAR GUYTON
Braggs, Oklahoma

JEANNE BRADY
Denison, Texas

MRS. KENNETH J. HAYES
Corpus Christi, Texas

JOYCE BLAKE
Clinton, New York

RICHARD E. LEE
Rome, New York

NANCY WALRATH
Brownville, New York

MRS. MYRTLE JOHNS
Cobleskill, New York

JACK BUTLER
Davenport, Iowa

MRS. DON PROCK
Des Moines, Iowa

LINDA EGGERT
Marengo, Iowa

MRS. K. ANKER
St. Paul 4, Minn.

MAUREEN GILL
Minneapolis 17, Minn.

JAMES R. SCHWEBEL
St. Paul 5, Minn.

(Continued on page 78)

HAVE YOU ENTERED THE EXCITING LADY ELLEN PRINCESS CONTEST? *see page 78 for details*

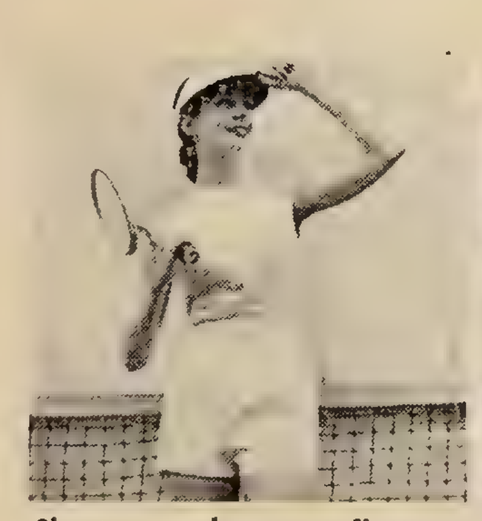
The naked truth about the girl in the locker room!

She's the belle of the beach . . . even waves seem to snuggle closer. She's the girl with the eye-stopping figure, slim waist, smooth hips, flat tummy. She's the girl *you* think it's impossible to be . . . (but you're wrong!) She's the girl who never slips into bathing suit, dress, slacks or shorts, without first slipping into a Playtex® *Living*® Panty Brief of figure-slimming Fabricon!



The bra in the picture is the Playtex Living Bra!

From morn to dawn, revealing summer fashions need a Playtex Panty Brief!



Shorts are long on flattery with a Playtex Panty Brief of Fabricon! Amazing "hold-in" power...without a seam, stitch or bone to show thru!



Any view of you is super-slim, thanks to your Playtex of super-slimming Fabricon ...a miracle blend of downy-soft cotton and latex!



Wise night owls (*any* size) slip into a Living® Panty Brief—and take on a glamorous figure *in seconds* . . . thanks to Fabricon's "hold-in" power!



There's a Playtex® Panty Brief for Every Figure!
Playtex Lightweight for wonderful control..$4.50
Playtex Magic-Controller*
"finger" panels for most control.....$6.95
Playtex, known everywhere as the girdle in the SLIM tube

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Amazing stick deodorant!

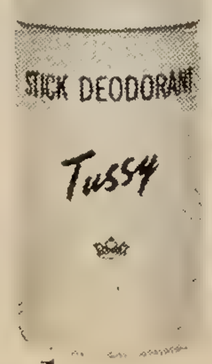


keeps skin and clothes safe from acid-damage!

The remarkable *non-acid* formula of Tussy Stick Deodorant stops odor instantly...*without* acid damage to underarms and fabrics!

It's neat-to-use, has convenient push-up container. Cools hot underarms as it stops odor with wonder-working hexachlorophene! Yet, unlike other deodorants with acid-action, Tussy's amazing *non-acid* formula won't irritate normal skin!

Keeps even the most delicate fabrics safe from acid-damage! ***$1*** *plus tax*



TUSSY
stick deodorant

WORTH SEEING THIS MONTH

FOR SPECTACLE
Moby Dick
Alexander The Great

FOR LOVE
Bhowani Junction
Man In Gray Flannel Suit
D-Day, The Sixth Of June
The Proud And Profane
Autumn Leaves

FOR DRAMA
The Rack

FOR LAUGHS
Toy Tiger

FOR SUSPENSE
A Kiss Before Dying

NEW MOVIES

by florence epstein



* **PICTURE OF THE MONTH:** *Supervision by John Huston and stunning performances by Gregory Peck, Richard Basehart and Leo Genn make* Moby Dick *one of the all-time great films.*

* **MOBY DICK**
. . . The great white whale

■ This classic tale by Herman Melville has been translated into a classic film by John Huston. All the characters in it are uniquely alive yet retain their allegoric nature. The color, the photography and the faces photographed create a powerful mood of symbolic reality. Gregory Peck plays Ahab, Captain of the whaler "Pequod," a tortured man whose leg was torn off by a great white whale, Moby Dick. His whole life is now dedicated to the pursuit of Moby Dick and he offers a Spanish ounce of gold to the first man who spots him. His crew—Ishmael (Richard Basehart), Queequeg (Friedrich Ledebur), Daggoo (Edric Connor) and all the other strange, exotic characters are fascinated by him. Only Starbuck (Leo Genn) his first mate, becomes increasingly alarmed at Ahab's fanaticism, calling it ungodly. Ignoring profit-promising schools of whales, the deadly heat of the mid-Atlantic, the growing boredom of waiting, Ahab's soul is consumed by his desire for revenge and he binds his crew to him by superstition. At last, off the Cape Verde Islands, Moby Dick shows himself—a powerful, white ruler of the sea whose hide still carries shafts of harpoons in it. Four longboats are lowered into the sea and the chase, led by Ahab, begins. It is terrifying and awe-inspiring—and Ahab meets an inevitable and poetic doom. With Orson Welles. Technicolor—Warners.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT
historical Spectacle

■ Alexander the Great, a military genius with unlimited ambition, conquered all of known Europe and Asia before he died at the age of thirty-three in the fourth century B.C. This is his story and the story of another great warrior—his father, Philip of Macedonia (Fredric March). It is a brilliant spectacle, recreating with thrilling accuracy a world that had known the highest form of civilization but could also be wildly barbaric. Alexander (Richard Burton) grew up convinced he was a god and accepting the fact that his life would be brief but glorious. His complex relations with his father and his mother (Danielle Darrieux) who was cast off by her husband, his love for Barsine (Claire Bloom) half-Persian wife of an Athenian General, his marriage to a Persian Princess, Roxane (Teresa Del Rio), his lust for power and his sweeping victories across the world are all presented here against magnificent backdrops. If they are not all wrapped up together in slick Hollywood tradition, it may be because writer-producer-director Robert Rossen chose to stick to the facts as they've come down to us—and this he's done beautifully. CinemaScope—U.A.

BHOWANI JUNCTION
Ava Gardner in a sari

■ Vivid, romantic, action packed—this is a movie of India's struggle for independence, and it manages to weave an exciting love story into exciting historical action. Victoria Jones (Ava Gardner) is an Anglo-Indian searching for her identity. The English snub her, the Indians resent her—especially now when various groups (some purely patriotic, others Communistic) combine to rush the British army home. Colonel Stewart Granger is an authoritative officer who doesn't shrink from humiliating the Indians when they obstruct his purpose (and those passive resisters don't shrink from lying across the railway tracks to prevent a supply train from arriving). Victoria works for him with a chip on her shoulder. Meanwhile, she turns from her Anglo-Indian boyfriend (Bill Travers) who has contempt for the (*Continued on page 24*)

Richard Hudnut 3-month test proves

NEW **PIN-QUICK** OUTLASTS ANY OTHER PINCURL PERMANENT



3 MONTHS AGO

"From the first time I combed my Pin-Quick wave I've had the soft, casual curls I adore," says vivacious model, Sandra Dee. "Pin-Quick's *easy*—like setting your hair! *Fast*, too! I dried it *in minutes* with a dryer." (And see that lovely lanolin shine in Sandra's Pin-Quick curls!)



TODAY

"Imagine!" exclaims Sandra. "After all these months and all those shampoos, my Pin-Quick wave is *still* lovely. My curls are like new—so soft and springy. That's Pin-Quick for you! It's *really* permanent!" And here's the answer: Pin-Quick's Magic Curl Control locks curls in to last.

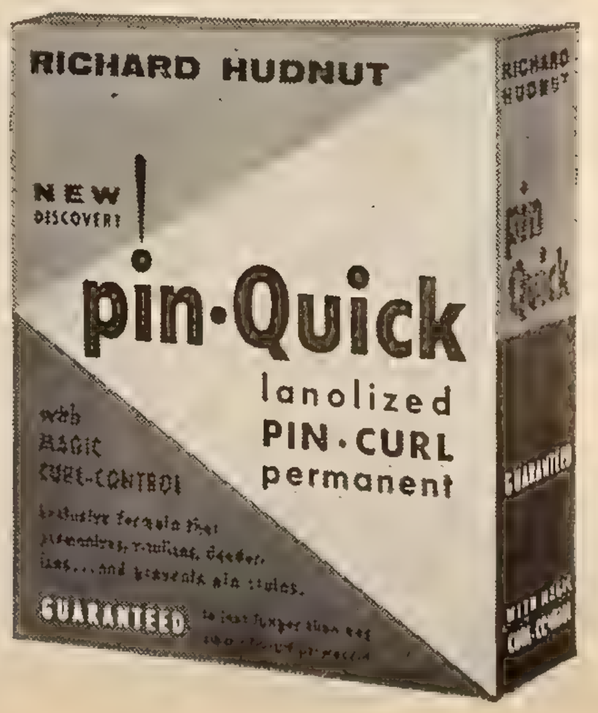
Richard Hudnut guarantees

Pin-Quick to last longer

than any other pincurl permanent

...or your money back!

1.50 PLUS TAX



What's New in Colgate Dental Cream

that's MISSING-MISSING-MISSING-MISSING in every other leading toothpaste?

It's GARDOL!
And no other toothpaste helps protect so many people so effectively and so safely against both bad breath and tooth decay!



GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE.

HOW COLGATE'S FIGHTS DECAY AND BAD BREATH ALL DAY!



Colgate's with Gardol is safe —even for children under six. No other leading toothpaste* can give you long-lasting Gardol protection, with such complete safety for every member of your family! No other company can match Colgate's 79 years of dentifrice research!



Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate Dental Cream forms an invisible, protective shield around teeth that fights decay all day! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! One Colgate brushing fights decay-causing bacteria 12 hours—or more!



Colgate's with Gardol helps stop bad breath all day for most people with just one brushing! *Instantly* sweeps away bacteria that cause bad breath originating in the mouth... gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day! And Colgate's famous flavor is preferred the world over!



SAFE for Children of All Ages!
SAFE to Use in All Water Areas!
Cannot stain or discolor teeth!

*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.



CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH

movie previews (*Continued from page 22*)

Indian in him, to a native who embraces ancient traditions. How she finally recognizes her love for Granger is threaded in among exciting scenes of violence, terror and pathos. CinemaScope—MGM.

THE RACK
brainwashing in Korea

■ *The Rack* is an excellent film concerning the court-martial of a young American officer who was brainwashed by the Communists in a Korean prison camp. With an honorable record behind him and a military tradition in his family (his father, Walter Pidgeon, is a retired officer) Paul Newman comes home in disgrace. His only brother was killed in action, leaving Anne Francis a widow. Newman wishes he'd been killed instead. So, at first, does his father. The question is: Is a man really guilty when he's been tortured, physically or mentally, to the breaking point and as a result betrays his comrades? In an exciting trial (with Edmond O'Brien for the defense and Wendell Corey as prosecutor) the question is argued. Veteran Lee Marvin was tortured, too, but he never broke and is back to accuse Newman. For Newman's defense there is the story of his life, a story of isolation and loneliness. Disturbing, thought provoking, *The Rack* confronts us with a new definition of guilt and a new concept of warfare.—MGM.

THE PROUD AND PROFANE
the lady (Deborah Kerr) and the Colonel (William Holden)

■ When Deborah Kerr, Red Cross worker, arrives in New Caledonia in 1943, the Marines fall for her to a man. But she is reserved, providing a sharp contrast to Thelma Ritter, boss lady and substitute mom to the wounded men who are constantly being toted ashore. Deborah can't stand violence or the sight of blood, which makes one wonder what she's doing there. Actually, she's working her way to Guadalcanal where her late husband, a Marine, lies buried. Before she gets to his grave she's waylaid by Lieutenant Colonel Black (William Holden) a violent, crude, sadistic chap whose selfish passion nearly destroys her. He doesn't care much for Red Cross ladies in general—says they baby his men, spoil them for fighting Among his men are Dewey Martin, who idealizes Deborah, and Chaplain William Redfield, whose preaching zeal irritates Holden. Well, Deborah learns the meaning of love and Holden learns the meaning of humility and William Redfield, at least, is happy in the end.—Para.

TOY TIGER
heartwarming comedy

■ Laraine Day is on the cover of Newsweek, but where is her little boy (Tim Hovey)? In a boarding school is where, lonely and neglected because Mom is too busy running an advertising agency. In that agency is Jeff Chandler—he's a lonely art director who'd rather be an artist but can't break away from his growing bank account. Laraine sends him upstate to fetch an unwilling artist that a client insists on for a certain job, and when Jeff gets off the bus first thing he knows he's a father. Seems that Tim has told a lot of tall tales to his upstate schoolmates, including one about having a famous explorer for a father. Now all those kids are waiting at the bus stop for Pop to show up on a visit. Jeff doesn't even know that Laraine has a son; Laraine never even suspects that Chandler has a heart, but trust Tim Hovey to carry off his hoax and make it legal, too. Cecil Kellaway, Richard Haydn. Technicolor—U.I.

AUTUMN LEAVES
an older woman's story

■ Milly the manuscript typist (Joan Crawford) is approaching the fall of her life without once being married. So there she sits—typing, typing in her lonely room. For a woman like that even a psychopath has charm. 'Course Milly doesn't know Burt's nuts; he (Cliff Robertson) never told her. Never told her he was married before, either, or that his father stole his bride. It all comes out, though. Burt lies, Burt steals, Burt hurls a typewriter at Milly's head after kicking her to the floor. She figures that's what marriage is. And when the men in white jackets come to carry him off she isn't relieved at all. She has this idea that psychiatric hospitals have something to do with the Spanish Inquisition. Will Burt come back to Milly? Or will the men in white destroy his love with those funny little needles and shock treatments? —Col.

A KISS BEFORE DYING
murder on a campus

■ Co-ed Joanne Woodward is so in love with classmate Robert Wagner she doesn't mind she's pregnant. Anyway, he says he'll marry her. But when she forgets to take the poison he fixed for her special, he walks her up to the roof of the marriage license bureau and flips her over the (*Continued on page 26*)

A FOOLISH GIRL...

A DANGEROUS BOY...

A FATAL MOMENT!

But who is the more ruthless? The killer... or the newsmen *and women* who risk jobs, loves, *lives*... to be the first to find him!

Suspense as startling as a strangled scream!



10 Top Stars! 10 Peak Performances

starring DANA ANDREWS / RHONDA FLEMING
GEORGE SANDERS / HOWARD DUFF / THOMAS MITCHELL
VINCENT PRICE / SALLY FORREST / JOHN BARRYMORE, Jr.
JAMES CRAIG and IDA LUPINO

RKO RADIO PICTURES

Directed by FRITZ LANG • Screenplay by CASEY ROBINSON
Produced by BERT FRIEDLOB • Music by HERSCHEL BURKE GILBERT

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A non-drying spray-set with

no lacquer at all!

Sets hair to stay —the softest way!

New SUPER-SOFT

Lustre-Net

the spray-set with lanolin esters!



GINGER ROGERS starring in **"THE FIRST TRAVELING SALESLADY"**
An RKO Radio Picture. Print by Technicolor.

Keeps hair in place the Hollywood way—without stiffness or stickiness—contains no lacquer. Leaves hair soft, shining!

Actually helps prevent dryness, helps preserve softness with lanolin esters!

Quick-sets pin-curls in damp or dry hair . . . ends sleeping on pins!



Any pin-curl style sets faster, manages easier, lasts longer!

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SUPER-SOFT—gentle control for loose, casual hair-do's. Spray on after combing.

REGULAR—extra control for hard-to-manage hair, or curly hair-do's.

5½ oz.—a full ounce more . . . Only $1.25 plus tax. By the makers of Lustre-Creme Shampoo

get new Lustre-Net

recommended by Top Hollywood Movie Stars

movie previews (Continued from page 24)

top. Her sister (Virginia Leith) isn't sure it's suicide, but her daddy who owns copper mines is pretty sure and besides, he doesn't need the publicity of a murder case. Virginia puts two and two together as she loafs around the swimming pool and comes up with a disc jockey. I didn't kill your sister, he tells her. Next thing you know he's got a bullet in his head. Virginia and the police (Jeff Hunter) think his conscience killed him and Virginia happily announces her engagement to Robert Wagner, who'd do anything to get those copper mines! It's a blood curdling tale. With Mary Astor. CinemaScope—U.A

THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT

a bright young man faces life

■ That's Gregory Peck who looks as if he could buy Madison Avenue, but what he's pushing for is a ten-thousand-a-year job. And pushing *him* is wife Jennifer Jones, who'd like her husband to go places so that their three little children won't have to go to a city college. Peck gets a job with the United Broadcasting Company, whose top man (Fredric March) hasn't seen *his* wife (Ann Harding) in years, and when he finally does see her it's because their teen-age daughter (Gigi Perreau) has become one of those obnoxious debutantes intent on marrying a lounge lizard twice her age. Peck is a World War II veteran whose traumatic experiences in the service keep coming back to haunt him. A man who's killed other men in cold blood and who was flung so far from home that he could fall deeply in love with another woman, not his wife (but Marisa Pavan), does not easily revert to Madison Avenue values. The fact is that whatever else war did to Peck (besides making him the father of a son in Italy) it gave him perspective enough not to want to become a lonely tycoon (like Fredric March). How Peck maintains his integrity without losing his grip on the material world is the theme of this slick, absorbing drama. With Keenan Wynn, Henry Daniell, Lee J. Cobb. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

D-DAY, THE SIXTH OF JUNE

wartime romance

■ D-Day, 1944—half a million men are waiting to cross the English Channel. For two of them (Robert Taylor and Richard Todd) it's the longest wait in the world, partly because they have to sit out a flashback before they go into action. In that flashback is a love story involving Dana Wynter. Dana met Todd first. In fact, she more or less promised to wait for him the night he left to fight in Egypt. Then the Americans came to London, bringing airman Bob Taylor and all his colorful Americanisms. He was married so he thought it would be safe to go out with Dana. Safe, indeed. I won't give you up, he tells her. You must give me up, she tells him. Well, there's a lot that goes on, largely having to do with the military ambitions of Edmond O'Brien, Taylor's superior officer, but love is the main chance. The acting's fine, but it does go on and on. CinemaScope—20th-Fox.

RECOMMENDED REVIEWS

THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH (Para.): Hitchcock at his best—and that's about as good as anyone can get. The suspense doesn't let up for a minute; the characters and the backgrounds are unique, lavish and exciting, and so is the plot. Doris Day and James Stewart are excellent in this fine film.

THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY (Col.): Tyrone Power plays Eddy Duchin whose skyrocketing to fame was balanced by tragedy. Kim Novak and Victoria Shaw handle their roles as Eddy's two great loves beautifully. You'll like it.

GABY (MGM): Derived from *Waterloo Bridge*, *Gaby* is a tender, moving story of two youngsters who fall in love in London during the war. Leslie Caron and John Kerr star as the lovers.

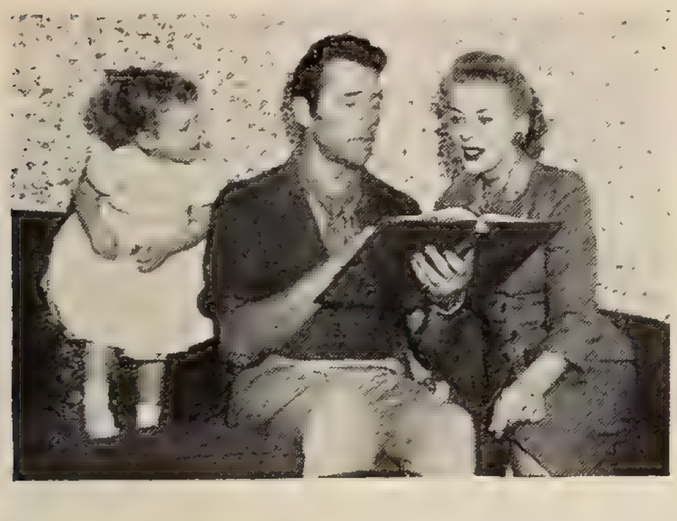
CAROUSEL (20th-Fox): Gordon MacRae leaves Heaven to help daughter Susan Luckey who's having a tough time living down his reputation. When alive, he married Shirley Jones and when she became pregnant he staged a holdup (he needed the money). The songs are familiar and wonderful and the cast also includes Barbara Ruick, Cameron Mitchell, Gene Lockhart.

PATTERNS (U.A.): Van Heflin is faced with the meaning of his own ambition and to what lengths he will go to achieve it in this drama of big business. The film also stars Ed Begley, Everett Sloane, Beatrice Straight, Joanna Roos.

MEET ME IN LAS VEGAS (MGM): A delightful musical with Dan Dailey as a rancher whose good luck charm is ballerina Cyd Charisse. Paul Henreid, Lili Darvas, Oscar Karlweis add their warmth and humor. The choreography is tops.

MADAME BUTTERFLY (I.F.E.): Italian opera stars do an excellent job with Puccini's music and story of a Japanese girl who marries an American lieutenant.

Ida Lupino tells:
HOW TO BRING UP A CHILD PRODIGY



■ "I'm afraid our three-and-a-half-year-old Bridget has dramatic tendencies. She wants to act. In some children it might be too soon to tell, but not for Bridget. She was furious about not getting a part in *The Intruder*, because I play a woman with two children in it. 'Why do you have to use make-believe,' she kept complaining, 'when I *am* your child?' And it was hard to find an answer!

"Bridget goes to nursery school, and one day the teacher asked her how she felt. 'Terrible,' my daughter said. 'My feet are killing me right up to my eyebrows. I've had *such* a day under those hot lights!'

"Then one day I came home and found her in front of a mirror, impersonating Howard Duff! That wouldn't be so bad, but she was complaining about Ida Lupino using the phone so much!

"I guess we should have seen it coming. Howard has a way of snapping his thumbs when he wants to emphasize something, and when Bridget was a year old she was snapping her thumbs in the nursery. And there's not a television commercial she doesn't know—and she lets you know she knows them!

"Anyway, ever since she got turned down on *The Intruders*, she's been harping on a TV series Howard and I are planning—*Mr. Adam And Eve*. She wants to play our daughter. We've finally decided that although it's supposed to be autobiographical, we're not going to *have* any children in it! If we did, Bridget would worm her way in. Nothing doing! I want her to grow up like a little girl, with proper schooling and a normal life. We don't repress her, but there's still plenty of time for her to make up her mind.

"After all—maybe she's not a prodigy. Maybe it's just ham!"



"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo," says Dana Wynter. It's the favorite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars!

It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams into rich lather, even in hardest water . . . leaves hair so easy to manage.

It beautifies! For soft, bright, fragrantly clean hair—without special after-rinses—choose the shampoo of America's most glamorous women. Use the favorite of Hollywood movie stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

Hollywood's-favorite Lustre-Creme Shampoo

Never Dries—
it Beautifies!



starring in "THE SIXTH OF JUNE"

A 20th Century-Fox Production. In CinemaScope. Color by DeLuxe.

Have Perspiration Stains Ever Ruined Your Dress?



New ARRID with PERSTOP* Stops Perspiration Stains and Odor

DRAMATIC STEAMBATH TEST SHOWS HOW



This woman was put in a steambath at 104 degrees. Arrid with Perstop* was rubbed into her forehead. Fifteen minutes later . . .



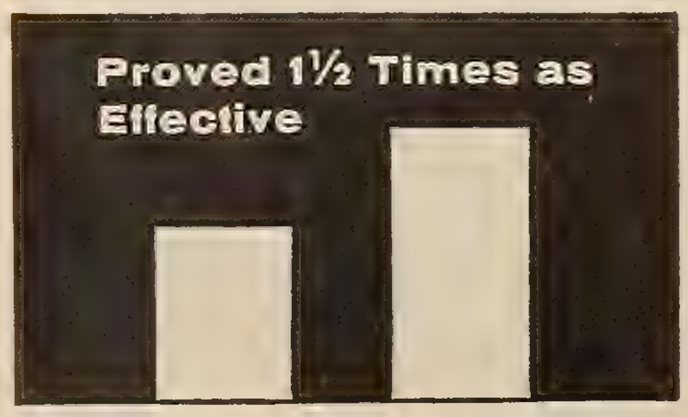
. . . she was dripping with perspiration—but Arrid kept her forehead *dry*. Arrid will do the same for your underarms, too.



Just rub Arrid in—rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe, even on hot, sticky days.



Used daily, Arrid keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains, keeps your underarms dry, soft and sweet.



Arrid is 1½ times as effective as any other leading deodorant tested against perspiration and odor as proved by doctors.



So don't be half-safe. Be completely safe. Use new Arrid with Perstop* to be sure. 43¢ plus tax.

28

* Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

How Susan is . . .

SHAKING THE BLUES AWAY



by MIKE CONNOLLY

■Old Chinese proverb: You cannot prevent the birds of sadness from flying over your head, but you can prevent them from building nests in your hair.

That's Susan Hayward as I know her today, shed at last of Jess Barker after twelve tempestuous years of a marriage that was doomed from the start. Susan today, trying to keep the birds of sadness out of her hair by running off to Europe, by flinging herself into her work, by devoting herself to her children. Susan, who at long last has washed one man out of that unruly mass of beautiful red hair—and who just *might* be interested in marrying another, but *not* another actor! Susan, who just before she flew to Europe to attend the Cannes Film Festival's screening of *I'll Cry Tomorrow*, told me, "Only one thing's sure for this kid from Brooklyn—it'll be a long time before I get married again!"

But Susan is the one star I know who is really and truly beset by men. They hang on for dear life, hoping that she'll date them. They send her flowers, jewels; telegrams. There are so many of them sometimes I think she can't see the forest for the trees.

There's something about smouldering, pouting, petulant, put-upon Susan Hayward that draws men like sugar draws flies. They've been the bane of her life. That's why she swears it'll be a long, long time before she falls again. And yet I'm not too sure.

Susan can't cover her feelings, try as she will. Her emotions are on the surface. I can tell what kind of mood she's in by talking to her on the phone. Susan is "black Irish." She's either up, 'way up, emotionally, or down, 'way down.

Her reputation for "toughness," it's only where acting is (*Continued on page 30*)

THE WONDER SHOW OF THE WORLD!



HECHT AND LANCASTER

present

TRAPEZE

BURT **LANCASTER**

TONY **CURTIS**

GINA **LOLLOBRIGIDA**

IN CINEMASCOPE COLOR by De Luxe

Also Starring KATY JURADO · THOMAS GOMEZ With JOHN PULEO · MINOR WATSON · Directed by CAROL REED Produced by JAMES HILL

Screen play by JAMES R. WEBB · Adaptation by LIAM O'BRIEN · A SUSAN PRODUCTIONS INC. Picture · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

ANN BLYTH, LOVELY SCREEN STAR



the Ann Blyth look! Yours with...

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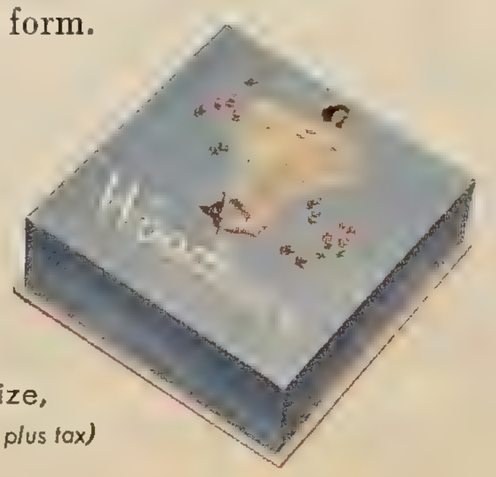
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powder-and-foundation in compact form



Puff on this complete make-up in a split minute and get compliments all day! Woodbury Dream Stuff gives your complexion the radiance of living color . . . the smoothness of alluring skin like Ann Blyth's. Flatters like a powder . . . clings because of its fabulous built-in foundation ingredient. And never, never dries skin. Five dreamy new shades that *stay* color-true. In non-spill compact form.

Woodbury Dream Stuff is only 49c in pretty blue-and-gold box. Ivory-and-gold mirrored compact, $1.



woodbury powder is also blended with special make-up base for satin-smoothness, longer cling — for "at home" use and your loose powder compact. $1.00 size, special 59c. Also 30c & 15c. *(Prices plus tax)*

concerned. She's a perfectionist about acting. She's so perfect in everything she does in front of the cameras, she expects everyone else to be perfect, too. She can't tolerate persons who shirk their jobs. If Susan is tough, it's only professionally.

Susan has worked hard on her singing and dancing since her success as a singer in *I'll Cry Tomorrow*. Nobody believed she would ever dare to sing. Everyone thought Lillian Roth would be brought in by MGM (including Lillian!) to sing the songs on the sound track, just as Jane Froman had been hired by 20th-Fox to sing the songs that Susan mouthed in Jane's life story, *With A Song In My Heart*. But Susan fooled 'em. They hadn't counted on her dogged determination to excel in everything she does.

Susan is generous. There isn't anything she wouldn't do for her children and for her friends and relatives. The old saying, "She'd give you the shirt off her back," applies to this girl in spades. Recently she bought the twins a small car, a real one, with a motor, that goes thirty miles an hour. The only stipulation is that they keep it off the street.

Susan is sentimental. Places and objects that have sentimental attachments move her to tears. I guess it's the Irish in her. After all, her grandmother was Kate Harrigan of County Cork, Ireland! Her sentimental side is what made Susan move from her house in the San Fernando Valley. It brought back too many memories. But she loves the neighborhood. And so she moved just a few houses away. Now the twins have the same playmates they had before.

This house is bigger than the other. It has acres and acres in the rear, where the twins play. It has a swimming pool and a gym for the twins, who love to play basketball, as well as drive their car all over hell's half acre!

Barker has visitation rights with the twins. He picks them up and takes them off for camping trips every other week end. They pitch a tent and he has taught them to shoot cans off of rocks. Once, when I went to pick up some medicine at Schwab's drug store on the Sunset Strip, I ran into the twins, playing in back of the store, around the parked cars. It was Jess' week end with them. The neighborhood around Schwab's isn't the most ideal place in the city of Los Angeles for children to play, especially in view of their ideal living conditions with their mother. But maybe Jess knows what he's doing. Maybe it's best they know the other side of the tracks, too.

Susan wants to make a sentimental journey to Ireland, to look up her kinfolk. Once before, three years ago, when she and Jess took a "second honeymoon" trip to Europe, she wanted to go to Ireland, but she never made it. I heard it was because Jess didn't want to go. When I saw them in Paris, dining at the Tour d'Argent, they seemed to be having a ball. The more sophisticated cities of Europe were apparently what Jess liked. Susan, always the Brooklynite, will love Ireland, I'm sure, as much as I did, when she finally gets there, for its simplicity and uncomplicated way of life.

Susan is restless. She flew to Hawaii for a month's vacation, stayed a few days, flew right back home. She flew to New York for the world première of *I'll Cry Tomorrow,* stayed two days, didn't even wait for the première, flew right back home. Maybe impulsive is a better word than restless. But, whatever you call it, it makes her that much more interesting.

Susan is observant. This is one of the things that makes her a great actress. She is basically a shy person but sometimes she's less shy than other times. Sometimes

what people mistake for shyness is merely Susan withdrawn, watching out of the corner of her eye, sopping up "atmosphere" for her next role.

I caught her doing this one night at the Cocoanut Grove, when I took her to the Hollywood Foreign Correspondents' dinner. There were four of us at our table: Grace Kelly and her escort from M-G-M, Morgan Hudgins, and Susan and myself. There were so many flashbulbs popping that the four of us were almost blinded. Most of them, of course, were for Grace, and not for Susan, who giggled about the whole thing. I leaned across the table and said to Grace, jokingly, "Grace, as last year's Oscar winner, say hello to this year's!" Grace laughed and said, "I hope you're right! And Susan, I loved you in *I'll Cry Tomorrow.*" I told about the incident later and I'm afraid I did a little embellishing. I said that Grace had told Susan she hoped Susan would win the Oscar. But Susan, always the soul of honesty and always observant, said, "That isn't what I heard!"

Same night, still the same observant Susan: Zsa Zsa Gabor and Errol Flynn were on the dais receiving their Foreign Correspondents' Awards when Anita Ekberg, beautifully gowned and cleavaged almost beyond reason, made a fabulous grand entrance. The photogs now turned from Miss Kelly and started popping their flashbulbs at The Ek. I didn't notice this particular incident but Susan did: leaning across the table Susan said to Grace, "Look at Zsa Zsa—she's pulling the disappearing act!" Sure enough, Grace and Morgan and I looked to where Susan was pointing, and there was Zsa Zsa, disappearing off the stand as unobtrusively as she could, with Errol guiding her. After all, Anita Ekberg is a little too much competition even for Zsa Zsa Gabor. And Susan Hayward, who caught the byplay, is the most observant gal I know.

Susan is not only observant, she's fond of most the people she observes through those wide-eyed, sea-green eyes of hers. We were at Dave Chasen's one night with Louella Parsons, in Dave's private party room, watching Teresa Wright play Louella's life on television, in the *Climax!* show. It was on a delayed kinescope. Susan and I were due over at the Beverly Hilton Hotel for the annual Screen Writers' Guild party. It was getting later and later. The minute her show was over I said to Louella, "It was wonderful, and we loved it, and now I think we'd better go because we're due at the Writers' party." Louella, one of Susan's oldest friends, seemed disappointed that we weren't staying for dinner. Susan whispered in my ear, "Let's stay a little while. It's Mother's big night and I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world!" (Susan has called Louella "Mother" since they traveled in a vaudeville act once, when Susan was a starlet.) So we stayed. And just as Louella's guests were sitting down to a somewhat delayed dinner we left. We arrived at the Writers' party just as their dinner was over. We got no dinner that night. Susan laughed about it. "I don't care—I'm glad we stayed," she said. "Louella would have done the same for me."

The night of the last Oscar Parade, Susan had a win-or-lose party at her home. Odd though it may seem, this was the first party she had ever thrown in Hollywood. She and Jess, it seems, just never got around to entertaining.

On this particular night she invited 30 of her best friends, including Eaton Chalkley, the attorney. Eaton, incidentally, seems to be the man Susan is most interested in right now. Maybe he'll bring this spunky dedicated actress the personal happiness she deserves. **END**

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—than any oily, greasy, soapy shampoo





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Clear, liquid Halo bursts into rain-soft lather in any kind of water. Cleans thoroughly, quickly, then rinses completely, carrying away dirt and dusty-looking dandruff. Brings out all of your hair's bright, shining beauty with each shampoo. Get safe, gentle Halo today!

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New from DuBARRY
...makes your hair look
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Never before a home permanent like DuBarry! Actually curls lanolin-softness right into your hair at every step! For only DuBarry is lanolized *all ways.* Curls are softer, silkier, shinier—yet so *strong* and *lasting* you can't lose them unless you cut them off! And it's the simplest wave ever! Just wind, wave, neutralize! No test curls or drip-drying. No eye-stinging ammonia fumes. You're done in *minutes* . . . set for months with soft curls that look *born beautiful!* Only at fine drug and department stores.



Perfect Home Permanent
(Gentle, Regular, Super)
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Each $1.75 plus tax



You can help Kim Novak make the biggest decision of her life

■ Love or career? It's an eternal problem. Every woman has thought about it and every woman thinks she knows the answer. Love—of course. Only sometimes it isn't that easy. Even for a woman deeply, dreamily in love—sometimes it can't be answered that fast. For sometimes there are childhood dreams which call out an answer other than love, honest loyalties that say—remember who you will hurt if you choose your love. On the next pages there is a very special story about Kim Novak. It is there to give you all the facts about the choice she must make now. And I think that when you have read it, you will see how hard a decision it is to make. You may even change your mind about your answer. So read it carefully. Because whatever your decision, you can help Kim. When you know all the facts, you can turn yourself for a little while into Kim Novak—and you can make up your mind. When you have done that, write to her, in care of MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, Murray Hill Station, New York City. Give her your answer. Every letter will go to her. The best one will be published in MODERN SCREEN, and the writer will get a $100 Savings Bond. But please—don't write your letter to win the Bond. Write it to help Kim, because she needs you. Write to her now and say, "Kim—if I were you . . ."

Chuck Saxon

EDITOR

by Susan Wender

Kim's Dilemma:



■ A few months ago, Kim Novak went home to Chicago. Her mother met her at the railroad station and took her home, strangely silent all the way. Kim asked about her sister, who is pregnant, gossiped about the girls her mother had met in Hollywood, questioned her about the house, her health—everything she could think of. She got one-word answers, and an absent look.

At home, Kim changed into a sweater and skirt and went downstairs. Her mother was in the kitchen, sitting at the table, stirring a cup of tea. Kim sat down opposite her and waited. Mrs. Novak added sugar, then milk. Finally she said, "What's your next picture?"

"I don't know yet," Kim said, "we were so rushed on the last three nobody's had a minute to think about the next."

"Um-hum," said Mrs. Novak, still stirring. "Well, if they have no new picture for you, maybe you better find yourself a husband, huh? Someone who is a nice person." She put down her spoon and looked straight at her daughter. "And *soon!*" she said.

That was the first time, but it wasn't the last. It's been that way ever since, every time Kim goes home. By now she has a set of stock answers. "Suits me," she tells her mother. "Marriage it is." Her mother grunts, unconvinced and thinks about it some more. Eventually Kim gets in her second word. "Of course I've got to be sure I've found the right man . . . and that he's found me." Her mother glances sideways at her and goes on talking. And never once does she mention the name of Mac Krim.

But, she doesn't have to. Both Kim and Mrs. Novak know that the conversation is really about Mac. Both of them know that Mrs. Novak met him in Hollywood and liked him.

And both of them know that however many other men Kim may date, when she thinks of marriage, she thinks of Mac.

In a funny way, too—the more she dates, the more she knows the reason is Mac. Because if she didn't go out with other men, if she spent all her time, as she used to and as she still longs to, with Mac Krim—she'd marry him. She'd have to, because she loves him too much to do anything else. The other dates are a desperate kind of escape from him, and from the questions she can't answer.

The guys she dates sense that, too. They aren't exactly insulted, because it is quite an honor to be picked by Kim Novak even as An Escape. But they don't let themselves fall for her, not if they can help it. They go right on seeing other women, too. The columnists, of (*Continued on page 71*)

THE CAREER:
Working on her lines (left), studying constantly, Kim lives in her dream of being a really good actress—but if she marries, she may never make it.



THE LOVE:
Mac Krim is the only person who makes her "feel like a woman," conquers her shyness. She loves him deeply—but doesn't know how long he'll wait.



THE "OTHER MAN:"
Tony Kastner, whom she met skiing, is a frequent date—but Kim's friends say he's not a new love—only an escape from the old one.



THE GLAMOROUS SIDE:
Being a star is not as important to Kim as acting—but it means excitement, knowing people like Sinatra, Martin. If she marries—will she have to give it up?

I have lived for three years with the

■ Our house is on a hill in Encino, California. There is a long macadam driveway that stretches from the front door to the electric gate at the foot of the hill. And the street beyond the gate curves like a scythe around our land and disappears into a cluster of eucalyptus trees about a quarter of a mile from our gate. In the warm weather, about dusk, I sit on a patio and watch the grove of trees for the first sight of Duke's car, or in the winter I sit at the picture window in his den. And when it starts the turn I go to the front door just in time to see

WHEN WE'RE ALONE

by Pilar Wayne

funniest, tenderest, bravest man in the world—my husband, John Wayne

him go through the comic antics it takes to get a man as big as him out of a modern car. It's like extricating a reluctant python from a shipping crate. And every night I think, "They've got to make bigger cars or smaller husbands."

And then there is one of the small things that make for good memories. He drops his brief case and holds me and says, "Hello, Honey. . . ." and then everything that happened wrong during the day is all right.

That is one of my memories-to-be, one of the best ones. Lately there is a song that has come to mean a lot to me. When I hear it I automatically turn up the radio and relish every word of the lyric. It is called "Memories Are Made Of This"—and every time I hear it sung the impact is greater, because it fits the way I think. My husband and I are in our third year of marriage now and most of the time our lives together appear to be just routine living, and yet when a song or something else sets the wheels working backward in my mind I realize that this is a time of preparation for the future; each (*Continued on page 76*)

Marilyn confesses to Elsa Maxwell:

"I'LL NEVER BE THE





Milton Greene, right, was a major influence in Marilyn's first flight from Hollywood, has come back with her as her constant companion and guide. Director Josh Logan (top) and playwright Arthur Miller (above) may play key parts in Marilyn's new life as actress and as woman.

■ The most exciting girl I know—in all the world—is Marilyn Monroe.

First, she's exciting because in spite of having the guts (no politer word will do) to gamble on herself the way tough, aggressive business executives do, she's still shy and uncertain. She reminds me, so often, of the girl who stays on and on in the powder room, fluffing her dress, combing her hair and repairing her make-up—to postpone the moment she must join the party and sink or swim.

Secondly, she's exciting because she aspires to work with the greatest, as she will when she makes *The Sleeping Prince* with Sir Laurence Olivier. Be it said to her undying credit that at her New York press conference with Olivier she did not, in an effort to live up to this elegant occasion, imitate his clipped British tones or broad "A's" but talked with quiet naturalness. However, her clothes for this conference were all wrong. She was dressed like the movie character the movie producers wanted her to be and which she refused to remain.

Thirdly, she's exciting because she's so hungry—greedy almost, but not quite—for all the wonderful things in the world, things like association with stimulating people, fascinating books, a chance to see the planet she lives on, a knowledge of music and art and food and wine. Like a child with a big box of candy she can't quite decide which treat to sample first.

All of which brings me to a bet I made on Marilyn. It was about two years ago . . .

"You're a fool to be photographed with Monroe," The Man said. He was an executive of Twentieth Century-Fox, the movie company from which Marilyn had just bowed out of a contract that still had seven years to run. "You keep writing about her in your newspaper column, too! You don't seem to get the idea that she's on the way out. A year off the screen and she'll be washed up! We can find a dozen like her!"

I laughed at him. "You'll never find a dozen *like her!*" I said. "You may find a dozen beautiful hunks of protoplasm topped off with blonde hair. But they won't be Marilyn Monroes. (*Continued on page 91*)



SAME"



Elsa Maxwell, world-famous as a hostess and intimate friend of celebrities, calls Marilyn the most exciting person she's ever known. In this exclusive article for MODERN SCREEN, *Elsa tells why.*

How he Proposed

She may be an old married lady, like Janet and Jane and Debbie—she may be a brand-new bride like Marisa and Terry and Anita—but when June comes around, she remembers . . .

JANET LEIGH:

"The phone rang and I had this funny feeling . . ."

■ It happened in June, 1951. Janet was in New York, working, Tony was on a personal appearance tour through the midwest. Every night he'd call her from a different city—Omaha, Detroit, Fort Wayne. With each call Janet grew more miserable. "What's it like in Chicago?" she'd ask.

"Lonely and terrible," Tony would reply. "How is New York?"

"Empty and awful."

Then came the night she choked, getting the words out. For a minute Tony thought she had a cold in the head. Then he realized it wasn't sniffles—it was crying. "This is murder," he shouted across country. "I'm cutting the tour short. I'll be in New York next week end, and we're getting married!"

"We're what?" Janet cried.

Tony calmed down. "Will you marry me?" he asked, slowly and distinctly. And for a girl with a stuffed nose, Janet's "Yes" was pretty distinct, too.



DEBBIE REYNOLDS:

"How many girls get proposed to three times . . . ?"

■ The first time Eddie Fisher proposed was in the autumn, in New York, and he must have enjoyed it, because he went on and on. Possibly also he was worried, because Debbie said "Let's make sure," instead of "Yes." So he told her he loved her in taxis, in night clubs, over Cokes—anywhere. When he still didn't get an affirmative answer, he proposed to her father. That was on a Burbank golf course, and he did it most earnestly and respectfully, and got Papa's impressed consent. Permission granted, he dashed back to New York for the ring, and to let Debbie miss him. On his return he met her at Lori Nelson's house, where the girls were burning a couple of steaks for him and Joey Foreman. He dragged her out of the kitchen and into the bedroom and plunked the 7½ carat diamond in her hands. She shrieked and burst into tears, Lori and Joey came dashing in to see, the steaks burned to a crisp, and Debbie never did get around to saying "Yes." But nobody minded.

MORE →

JANE RUSSELL:

"I liked the ring all right, but I kept giving it back . . ."

■ Most high school romances chart a pretty rocky course. That of Jane Russell and Bob Waterfield was positively no exception —in fact, it practically led the field. When they were in their senior year, hoping it would calm matters down, Bob gave his girl a small diamond as a kind of pledge of their future. Big help that was. Every time they had an argument, back went the ring. Some times Jane gave it back, sometimes Bob *took* it back. It was snapped from hand to hand so often that it was more like a yo-yo. Eventually Bob decided he'd had enough. He had the ring in his possession at the time, so he just sat back and waited. Finally Jane apologized and asked for it back.

"I pawned it," he told her. "I needed money to go fishing."

"Oh," Jane gulped, nonplussed. "Get anything?"

"Not a thing," Bob growled.

"Oh, yes, you did," said his repentant girl. "You've still got me!"

So what could he do? Obviously, he gave her back her ring—this time as an official proposal—and then he married the girl.







TERRY MOORE:

"His proposal wasn't so unusual, but the marriage sure was . . ."

■ Terry Moore was introduced to Eugene McGrath at a party, at a time when according to all the best gossip columns, she was planning to marry Nicky Hilton. If she was, the idea went out the window—along with Terry's heart, which flipped at first sight. So did Eugene's, but he wasn't reckless enough to mention marriage—he'd played it safe for his first 33 years, and habit is habit. Instead he invited Terry and her mother to come along on a South American business trip, meet his family and see his world. After Miami, Havana and Panama they got to Caracas. There he plunked Terry down under a palm tree and proposed. A week later she had an emerald-cut diamond, and a month after that they each had a plain gold band—bestowed between courses at dinner with Debbie and Eddie on New Year's Day! After which the happy couple removed the bands and kept the whole thing secret for months!





ANITA EKBERG:
"Seems like I was the last to know . . ."

■ The night she got engaged to Anthony Steel, Esq., of London, Anita Ekberg was the most surprised girl at the party. For it happened at a party. Tony and Nita (his nickname for her) were having dinner at the home of director John Farrow and his wife, Maureen O'Sullivan. The talk centered on business—movie business—but Tony couldn't keep his mind on it. His thoughts kept wandering to the square-cut emerald ring encircled with diamonds that he was carrying in his pocket. He was still thinking about it when Maureen asked him how much longer he expected to visit in Hollywood. "Until I ask Nita to marry me," he said, without thinking.

"What?" gasped Miss Ekberg.

Covered with confusion, Tony produced the ring. "Well," he gulped, "will you?" And before the assembled guests, Anita said, "Yes." Relieved, he put the ring on her little finger (that's the Swedish tradition) and that was that.

MARISA PAVAN:
"We told everybody we were going steady . . ."

■ Jean-Pierre Aumont and Marisa had been dating a solid month when they got engaged—which struck them both as considerably longer than necessary, since from their first American date (they'd met briefly in Paris two and a half years before) they'd known that this was it. Actually, Jean-Pierre brought the subject up as a sort of joke on about the fourth date, which occurred the sixth night after the first!

At the end of a month he took Marisa out for a late dinner and proposed—not joking. Her "yes" wasn't for laughs either, so they went home to tell Mama Pierangeli, who was pleased, but nervous when they mentioned an immediate wedding. "Wait," she begged, "it looks too fast." They compromised on telling people they were "going steady" instead of engaged and then a columnist did them a favor and broke the truth. No one knew how she got it, but no one cared. "*Now* what should we wait for?" asked the impatient pair, and since no one had an answer, they didn't.

END

He was a rough-cut lumberjack, she was a sophisticated night-club star. He never dreamed she could be happy in

HIS WORLD OF LOVE



Rory and Lita share their love of the outdoors at their 160-acre ranch. The Calhouns relax by fishing for trout in the well-stocked stream that runs through their property.



"One of us," says Rory, "must be part dog. Either that, or our neighborhood hounds are human." They have a dog of their own, but any stray can get a handout.



Rory and Lita (with a neighbor's boy) are hoping to adopt a boy of four or five. The lucky youngster will find the Calhouns wonderful cooks. Both do it well!



by RUTH HARRIS

FOR four years, while she didn't know he existed, Rory carried with him the memory of Lita's face. To call it love would be unrealistic nonsense. Outside of some character in a fairytale, who falls in love with a girl he's never talked to and never expects to set eyes on again? Nobody, including Calhoun. On the other hand, neither did he ever forget her.

It happened in '43. Young Timothy Durgin worked at a logging camp. "Let's go to San José," said a fellow-logger. "I want to hear Cugat's band."

"Uh-uh. I don't dance."

"Then come along for the ride."

In itself, the ride was something to remember. Since his pal's 1918 Harley-Davidson boasted no buddy-seat, Tim straddled the fender, arriving with jolted bones and a corrugated rear, wondering why he'd agreed to this form of self-torture, dreading the ride back.

The ride back, however, proved painless, for his mind was on the girl who'd sung with Coogie's band—a creamy-skinned little brunette dazzler in a white sheath gown. Yet it wasn't her beauty that had moved him so much as a quality half glimpsed, half sensed—an almost childlike purity of feature, a kindness in the dark eyes, a sweet warmth in the smile, a dignity of bearing. Despite his teen-age tussles with the law—or even because of them—he'd developed a sure instinct for true metal in people. He felt it in this girl. He never expected to see her again but her memory stayed fragrant.

A year later he was Rory Calhoun of Hollywood. That story's been told. How, on vacation, he visited his grandmother in Los Angeles and went riding in the hills. How he bumped into Alan Ladd. How they stopped to talk. How Alan asked: "Are you an actor? Well, you ought to be," and took him home to meet Sue. How he wound up under contract to David Selznick.

Selznick believed in signing and training personalities. He produced few pictures. Working here and there on loanout, Rory failed to make much of a dent. He grew increasingly restive, increasingly certain that Hollywood wasn't for him. His was the outdoor world he'd loved and left. He clamored for release. "Let's tear up the contract. I want to go back to the hills."

"No," said his boss.

"What good am I to you? I'm not doing a thing."

"Have patience. You will."

"When?"

"When you've learned to act."

"That'll be the day," groaned Rory, stomping off in defeat.

By '47 the scene had changed. Idol of the bobbysoxers now, his stock was rising. He continued to feel more at home in the woods, whither he repaired whenever possible with his boon companions, Guy Madison and Howard Hill, the archer. But at least he no longer felt useless in Hollywood.

By '47 he'd also learned to dance. One night he took a girl to Le Pavillon, a supper club that featured a rumba band, led by someone billed simply as Isabelita. (*Continued on page 87*)

■ His name is Sal Mineo, and he's the hottest kid in Hollywood. Not just because he's been in five movies, two Broadway hits, dozens of TV shows and has been nominated for an Academy Award. Not even just because he looks like a fallen angel, with his jet black hair tumbled on his forehead, his full black eyebrows over huge, deep eyes, his broad, full mouth tucked into dimples at his cheeks. But because when you meet Sal, you flip. Right away. On the spot. It's the glow, the dance, the wistful laughter that seems to pour out of him that does it—that makes him the most exciting boy from here to anywhere. It's always been like that—and nine years ago, when he was eight, it set him on the road he was meant to follow.

"I was going to St. Mary's Parochial School in the Bronx and the sisters asked me to play the Saviour as a boy. You can't imagine what went on inside me. I was like a kid struck dumb. I had seen the movies and knew there was such a thing as acting. But to have these women, who had dedicated their lives to God, ask *me* to portray Jesus, as a youth—well, that was something beyond my understanding.

"I was scared at first. I didn't know why, but I was afraid that it would be wrong. The sisters, they were the Dominican order, knew I was frightened. They were very gentle. They kept telling me it was all right, I had nothing to be afraid of.

"That afternoon I took (*Continued on page 79*)





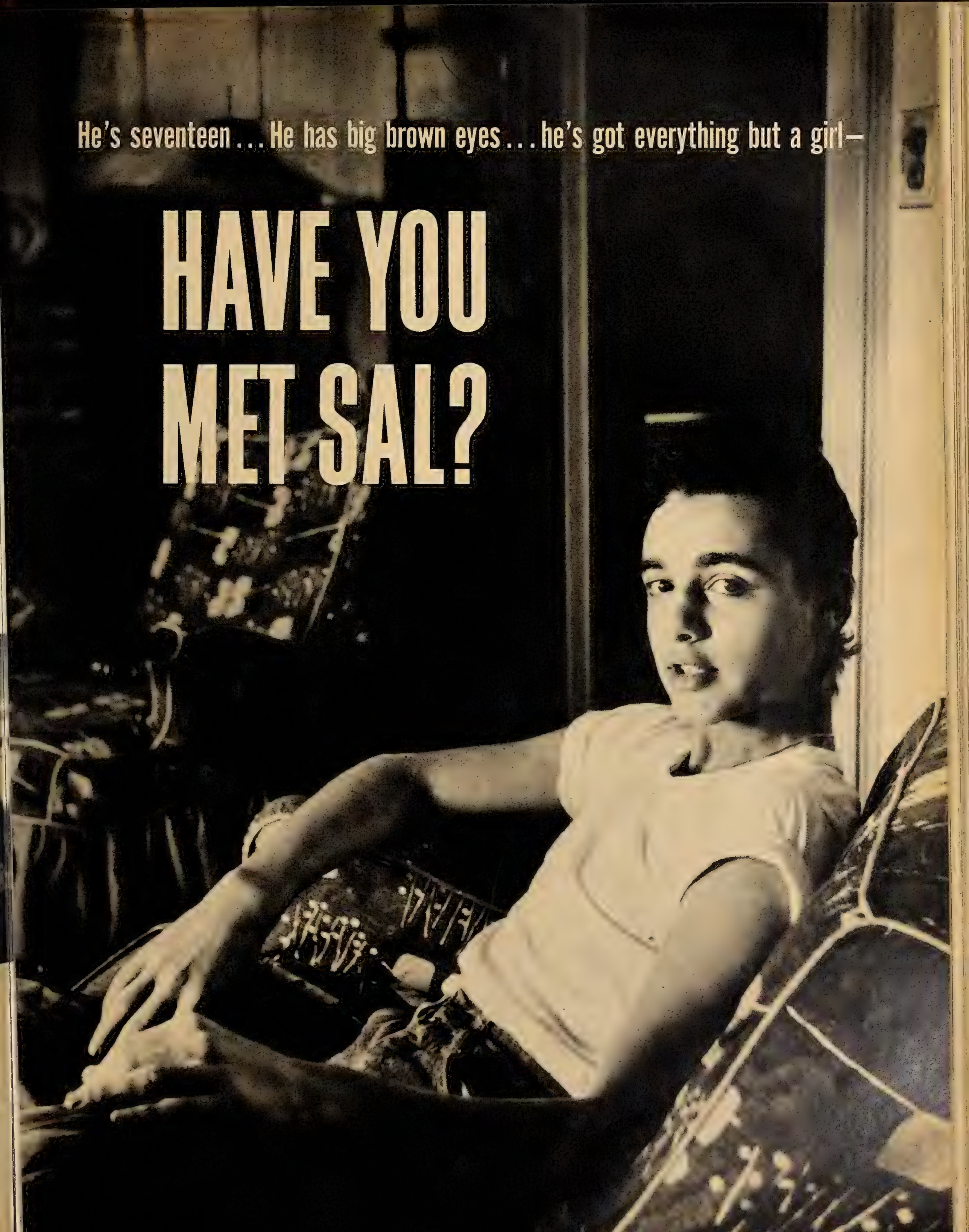




The Mineos live in the Bronx, in the house they bought long before Sal was a movie star. There's nothing elaborate or even expensive about it—but the slip-covered furniture and the warm kitchen get a lot of living. The kitchen walls are covered with pictures of Sal his mother cuts from magazines, and the back porch has been turned into a mail room, where Sal, his brother Mike and two friends of Mrs. Mineo all work at answering his fans. Upstairs are the boys' rooms. Sal's used to be a kitchen and still has a sink and a stove in it. He has programs of plays he's been in on the walls, a framed sketch he did himself—and a box full of weights and boxing gloves, with which he and Mike work out whenever they get a minute.

He's seventeen . . . He has big brown eyes . . . he's got everything but a girl—

HAVE YOU MET SAL?





these are some of your questions...



Who's the boss in our family?



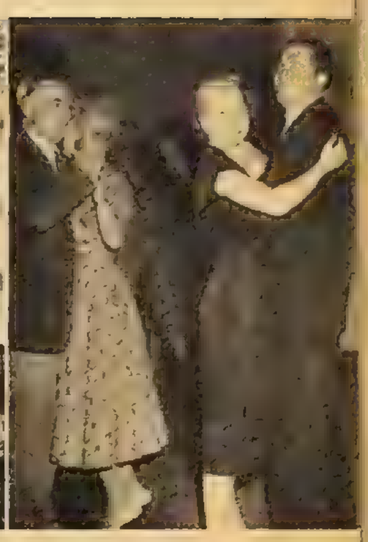
What are my favorite foods?—Do I diet?



Do I travel alone or with Marty?



Who decides what I wear?



Who are my real Hollywood friends?

...HERE ARE MY ANSWERS

by Doris Day

as told to Len Weissman

Carmel, California:

Dear Friends:

I'm most grateful for this opportunity to get closer to you through the pages of MODERN SCREEN.

You know, as I sit here on location of *Julie* with my three leading men, Louis Jourdan, Barry Sullivan and Frank Lovejoy, I reflect that it was only eight years ago that I was given my first screen test at Warners and signed to a long term contract. During these past years I have been bombarded with thousands and thousands of questions about my life and my career. I have been pointed at, and accused of being snooty and uncooperative with fellow workers and with the press. However, I have been a runner up for the Golden Apple award for being the most cooperative actress, so I guess I could say being in the movies is wonderful. It's exciting and has its many rewards, but with it come the rumors, the false impressions and accusations.

Did you ever take a ride on the elevator of a skyscraper? Of course, well, you know how it feels when the elevator surges upward . . . phew, your head sinks to your toes—but soon, with a little effort everything returns to normal and you're on a level keel again. And so it is with most stars, as they rise rapidly their heads swim but with a little effort the leveling off period is not far away. Sure, some stars never level off. I feel I am most fortunate being married to a man like Marty, my husband and manager and loving critic. He has helped me, I think, to stay on that level keel, at least I've had my two feet on the ground.

Well as long as I'm in the mood to answer the most important questions, from your letters—let's go. Over ten thousand letters were turned over to MODERN SCREEN, to get a sample of the questions. As you may know, my mother handles all my fan mail . . . need I say more than to say this is a labor of love? If you've come this far, I certainly don't want to lose you (*Continued on page 64*)

THE MAN WITH THE GOLDEN TOUCH

There are certain fields where actors aren't ever supposed to tread—but this darn fool walks in every time—and comes out with a great big gold mine / by JACK WADE





Alan and Sue (top picture) gaze proudly at Alan's latest business venture, a supermarket hardware store. Sometimes the boss himself (above) gets behind the counter. Partner Bob Higgins (right) is an old friend.



■ All the man wanted was a flashlight. Why should the inconspicuous sign, Higgins-Ladd Hardware, mean anything to an outstate tourist rolling through Palm Springs, California? But the store looked modern and inviting. And it was handy at a fork in the road.

Inside, a yellow-haired guy in faded blue cotton pants, desert sneakers and a T-shirt, who'd been sitting on the counter, hopped briskly off to help. But the phone rang and he said, "Excuse me a minute. We're short handed today—manager's sick. Look 'em over—I'll be back . . . Yeah, Frank," he addressed the receiver. "Sure we've got it. I'll send it right over. Hundred feet of green plastic hose to Sinatra's place," he yelled to the back room. "Pronto! He needs it right away."

As he returned, a big, boyish looking character with freckles and a mass of wheat colored hair ambled in. "Hi, Al. Where are the shovels?"

"In the back—I'll be right with you, Van."

The tourist perked up. "Isn't that Van Johnson?" He got a nod before the phone (*Continued on page 66*)

JOAN'S OTHER LIFE



Here for the first
time anywhere are
the family pictures of
Joan Collins
as a frantic,
fabulous child and girl,
running away from bombs—
and after boys!



At 5 Joan Collins had her first fur coat —rabbit ("She made it to mink in only 15 years," her father comments). She was very style conscious, her favorite game being trying-on-Mommy's-hats. World War II and the blitz of London sent Joan and her younger sister Jackie (with her, left) packing from town to town to escape the danger. One apartment was blown up the night they moved out. Joan switched schools 12 times and her new favorite pastime became writing-to-Daddy, who stayed on in London to work.



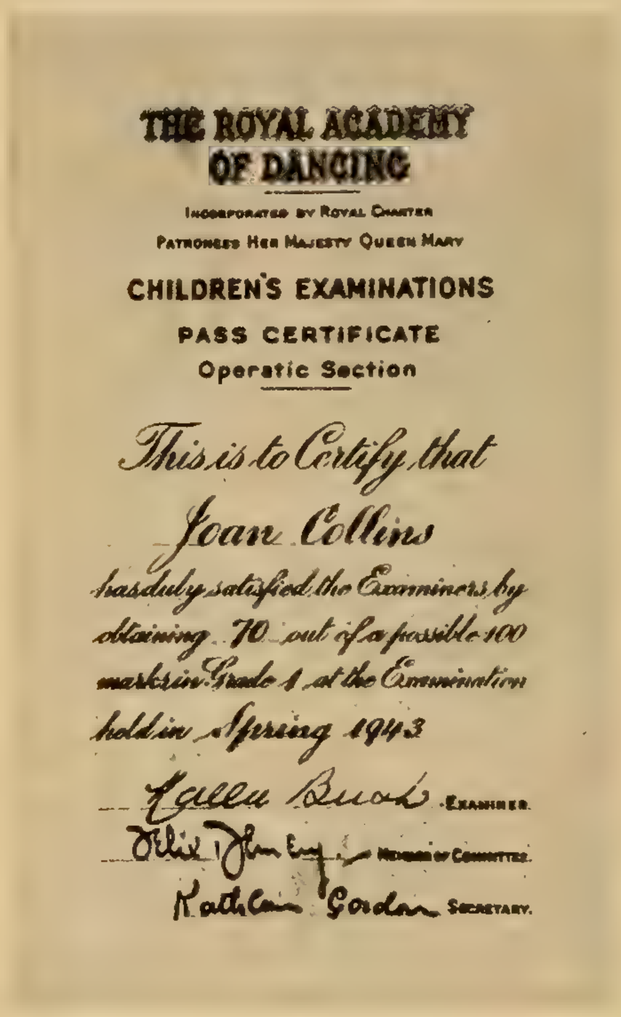
DEAR DADDY,
It is [illegible] school the [illegible] are very [illegible] I [illegible] not got used to the children yet I had a full mark for [illegible] WALK. [illegible] LOVE [illegible] AND A BIG HUG AND KISS FROM JACKIE AND JOAN PS ALL OUR LOVE

The war over, the Collinses were back together in London. Joan was enrolled in a private school with a big dancing and singing department and started taking part in school shows. When she was 12 a scout from the Arts Theatre saw her and asked her to play the young boy in A Doll's House. *Joan was thrilled, loved rehearsals, learned her part fast and decided to be an actress. Came the opening night, she missed her cue. She was in the dressing room, reading Shakespeare. The second night it happened again. The director exploded. "You're the last child I'll ever use in a play!" he shrieked at Joan. The third night she made it, got on stage. She's the one on the right.*



More pictures on next page

By the time she was 13 she was spending all her allowance on movies and getting caught trying to sneak into "Adults Only" films dressed in her mother's clothes. She persuaded her folks to send her to boarding school to learn to cook and make beds, but after two disillusioned weeks she talked them into letting her come home again, take dancing instead. She loved to pose for pictures then—even at the piano, which she didn't play.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF DANCING

Incorporated by Royal Charter

Patroness Her Majesty Queen Mary

CHILDREN'S EXAMINATIONS

PASS CERTIFICATE

Operatic Section

This is to Certify that

Joan Collins

has duly satisfied the Examiners by obtaining 70 out of a possible 100 marks in Grade 1 at the Examination held in Spring 1943

Lilian Buck Examiner.

Ethel Thornley Member of Committee.

Kathleen Gordon Secretary.





Her 16th summer was spent at a French beach with Mom, Jackie and little brother Bill. She fell in love for the first time, with the boy whose father sold ice-cream cones. Mrs. Collins didn't believe in interfering, but her husband had told her to "watch the kiddies" in free-and-easy France—so she told Joan she couldn't go out after dinner. So every night Joan went to bed early—then crept out to rendezvous with Bernard and a double chocolate cone. Discovered at last, she told her mother she was in love with him—and forgot him promptly when summer ended and they went home

With her first pay check she bought a $200 dress. By the time she had her 4th she





The day after her 19th birthday she married Rank star Maxwell Reed, whose pictures had covered her walls since she was 14. Maxwell was 12 years older and widely disliked, especially by Joan's family, which reduced her to tears, but not to giving him up. Six months after Laurence Harvey introduced them they were married, and moved into a lavishly decorated, Spanish style penthouse. They co-starred a few times, but Joan soon felt he was trying to dominate her completely, and on her 21st birthday they split permanently. Now when she goes home (right) she stays with her family, brings Billy Davy Crockett caps and sister Jackie (a model) invitations to visit her in Hollywood.



After high school she entered the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts and sent her picture (left) to an Actors' Directory. An agent spotted it and in no time Joan was embarked on the series of juvenile delinquents she played in English movies. On screen she was sultry and sleek; off, she bit her nails, dressed in jeans, talked jive, and dragged dates (like co-star Laurence Harvey, below) to bop sessions.



was famous as Britain's Beautiful Bad Girl and had taken a turn for the Bohemian



END

How To Make Sure The Wedding Gown You Choose Is The Right Gown For You

Designs for Wedding Belles

by Helen Rose *MGM's Academy Award winning designer as told to Jane Wilkie.*

Lots of people, the practical people of this world, turn ashen at the sums spent by prospective brides for their wedding gowns. "Now, why," they want to know, "doesn't she get married in a sack and put all that money into egg beaters and brooms?"

Helen Rose doesn't agree at all. And here's her reason why:

■ I've been asked to create wedding gowns for a bevy of beautiful brides—Liz Taylor, Grace Kelly, Ann Blyth, Arlene Dahl, Pier Angeli, Jane Powell, Sally Forrest and Debbie Reynolds (although in Debbie's case I designed her gown without knowing it—more about that later). When the stars come to my office and break the news that they're to be married and ask that I design their gown, I'm delighted. I enjoy doing it, not only as a favor for a friend, but because I *know* these girls. Many of them, such as Liz and Janie and Debbie, I've known since their teens, and through the years have helped to create their clothes-personality for them. Now it could be that I was never interested in egg beaters or brooms, but I suspect the real reason is that I'm an incurable romanticist. A girl gets married only once, I say (*Continued on page* 82)





Helen thinks Ann Blyth's gown was one of the most beautiful she ever created. Ann wanted satin for her morning Mass wedding, but Helen, not too excited over satin, especially in summer, talked it over with Ann and they settled on a stiff slip of paper-thin silk satin over which Ann wore a gown of mousseline and lace. Ann was happy because she had her satin—even though no one could see it.

Pier Angeli's wedding gown was similar to the one Grace Kelly wore in that neither gown had a single seam in it. (That's workmanship, and according to Helen Rose, that's the important thing in any dress.) Unlike many of today's bridegrooms, who prefer a tuxedo or a blue business suit, Vic Damone, as well as his best man, wore a full suit of tails.





Suits are good for a second wedding, but Helen feels it's not the only choice. Jane Powell wanted to wear a suit for her marriage to Pat Nerney but Helen suggested a chiffon dress in pale blue. When Jane saw the sketch, she said yes, since blue is her favorite color and Pat would be wearing a navy blue suit and blue tie.



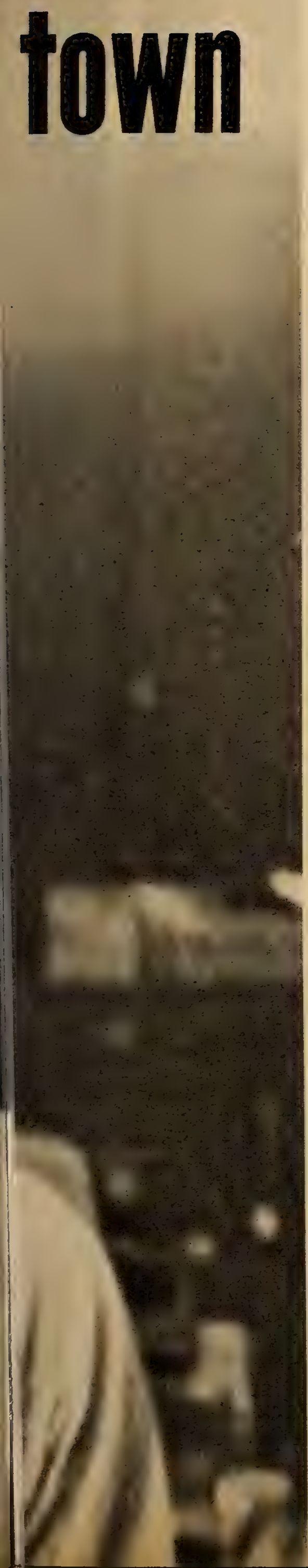


The people of Cocoanut Grove, Florida were in for some pleasant surprises . . .

When Marlon came to my

by PHILIP CHAPMAN





This is what my friends said:

ENGEL (the millionaire): "But what did you expect? I tell you I knew his family. He is one of God's gentlemen. He's promised to do a play for me, and I know he will. He thinks nothing of money, but he's got a good agent."

MARGARET (the secretary): "He doesn't even seem to know that he's got a 'magic name.' He's warm and friendly and genuine, and he's grateful for small favors."

GEORGE (the public relations guy): "This man is a doll. Don't quote me. A doll."

SAM (men's room attendant): "Wow, the tips!"

AN USHER: "A hundred bucks' worth of perfume he gave my kid niece! She's really living!"

I live in Florida, thousands of miles away from Hollywood and Broadway. Marlon Brando came here as the guest of an old friend of his father's, to do the gentleman a favor. And he knew he didn't have to put on an act here, make like Brando the actor. He could be simply himself, which is what he was. What he didn't know was that practically everyone around him was watching with interest to see what he really was, storing up little pictures and impressions of him. I've collected a lot of those pictures and notions. Here they are.

■ When George Engel, the multimillionaire Texas oil baron, decided to pour a million dollars into the Cocoanut Grove Playhouse, thus turning his hobby into the finest Little Theatre in the country, he set out as a matter of course to lure the greatest Broadway and Hollywood stars to Florida. At the salaries he was willing to pay, it wasn't very difficult. Tallulah Bankhead, Tom Ewell, Linda Darnell, Bea Lillie, Judith Anderson, Victor Borge and half a dozen others jumped to the bait with glad little cries.

The Playhouse was a success and already a legend even before the rhinestone-studded seats were installed in the ladies' smoker.

"And," said Engel, "above all, I want to get in touch with Marlon Brando. Maybe we can get him to open a new play for us. *That* would bring 'em in!"

One of his advisers struck his own forehead meaningfully with an open palm. "Where angels fear to tread," he muttered. "Look, Mr. Engel, of course you're in this (*Continued on page 78*)



He went to Bea Lillie's party (danced with her, above) without a date, chatted with Walter Winchell (below) without giving him a scoop.

She'd never called up

a boy and asked **him**

to take **her** out before,

but then Natalie Wood

had never been to

a senior prom, either.

So when UCLA invited

her to **their** prom

she knew this was . . .

the dance she couldn't miss



It took her two days to get up the nerve to call Tab—who turned out not to be shocked by her boldness at all. Of course, Natalie figured, he's used *to having girls call him . . .*



Make-up worried her—she didn't know how much the other girls would wear. She settled for powder base, powder and lipstick.



At the door he turned, bent—and kissed her mother good night. "Public relations," he explained to Natalie. "Besides, she's a doll!"



photos by Bob Beerman



Too excited to get dressed herself, she got Mom in to help. At this point Tab, who'd been waiting, tapped on her door. "Decent?" he inquired.



Giggling, Natalie let him in. "Nothing *fazes you, does it?" she demanded. Tab applied himself to hooks and eyes.* "Not you, *anyway," he teased.*

Natalie's latest picture is Warners' *The Burning Hills*



But at the dance Natalie's excitement turned to scare. "I can't go in there," she whispered. "What if they don't like me? What if I'm dressed wrong?"



Tab practically pushed her in. Right away they were gabbing with the kids. "You have the prettiest dress," Tab whispered. Natalie blushed. "And the craziest hair-do!"



And the rest was a dream of dancing and laughing—and a kiss when they sat one out. "What an evening," Natalie sighed.



And then it was over. "I feel just like a high school girl," she said dreamily. Tab laughed. "That's what you are, silly." She smiled back. "Oh, you're so right. . . ."

END

...and baby makes

Once they were Lone Grangers—but not any more. With two transplanted kids and a Little Stranger Granger expected—they've become a bloomin' British-American basketball team!

by IDA ZEITLIN

His long legs outstretched, Granger took a look at his wife, tucked handily into a big chair opposite. He spoke with appreciation. "A model mother-to-be. Never a sick day out of her. Knock wood."

"Except once," Jean remembered. "Because I stuck my toothbrush too far down my throat."

"Which in charity we'll overlook."

"And right noble of you, sir."

"Think nothing of it."

The room lay bathed in late morning sunlight. One windowed wall faced the grounds, where a gardener ministered to a new Chinese elm, maltreated in transit. To Granger, a tree is little less than sacred. His eyes kept traveling to the ailing elm and back.

Waiting for parenthood, Jean's happy and relaxed. Jimmy's happy and less relaxed. He of the logical mind finds logic forsaking him where the baby's concerned. Candidly he admits himself superstitious. "It upset me that the news should have broken so soon. I'd rather have kept it quiet for two or three months."

"Try keeping *mé* quiet that long," murmured Mrs. Granger, no whit abashed, though they both knew it was she who had broken the news. "But not to the columnists," she explained, all innocence. "Just to fifteen or twenty friends. And in strictest confidence!"

As a rule, it's Jimmy who's the master-planner. For this occasion he refuses to make plans. "There's a room ready. When the baby's here, we'll start decorating the room." He won't discuss possible names. Asked for his preference as to gender, he replies with finality: "I want a baby."

"Me, too," agrees Jean, and plunges cheerfully on where Jimmy fears to tread. "But I have a feeling it's going to be a girl."

Lindsay and Jamie own a special stake in the baby. "They rather think it's coming," says their father, "because they asked for it." Last fall, their mother being ill, he brought the youngsters over to make their permanent home with him and Jean. At ten and not quite twelve, they still inhabit the semi-wonderland of childhood, where magic dwarfs reality and wishes, properly made, are bound to come true. "We'd like another little chap around the house," they'd suggest at intervals, and feel gratified—though not greatly surprised—that the chap's en route.

Actually, they may be wiser than they dream in claiming part of the credit. Jean of course has known them ever since she's known her (*Continued on page 94*)



five





THE PICTURES IN JIMMY STEWART'S WALLET

Here are his favorite snaps—he took them all himself

Mike, Ronnie, Gloria at the beach



First snap of the twins, Judy and Kelly



Age two—which is which?

My three angels



My two cowboys



here are my answers

(*Continued from page 49*) before I answer this first one: *How do I get along with Marty?* Fans write they hear rumors (there's that ugly word again) that I'm hypnotized, that I'm a puppet on a string or that he's a Svengali. Nothing could be further from the truth. So get your pencil and jot this down. Put it on your tape recorder and play it over and over. When the lights are out at night, I lie in bed and thank God with humble gratitude for His blessings . . . I thank God for my marital happiness with Marty . . . And I pray that my son Terry will find the happiness in his future marriage that I have found in mine. This all comes from my heart and I hope you realize that Marty is not twisting my arm. If this doesn't kick the pins out from under the wagging tongues, well, then I'll give up trying. Personally I couldn't care less what gossips think and say . . . but since I have this opportunity to put it in the record—you've got it.

I truly wish that most husbands would be as considerate of their wives as mine is to me. Marty has a wonderful sense of humor. He knows how to make me laugh and does. He can always be expected to do the unexpected. He has no inhibitions and he exercises his prerogative as a husband to take the initiative, but always in good taste—he's a guy a girl can lean upon.

The meal and I

Well, if you're still with me, I'll go on to the next question—*What do I like to eat?* I guess this could be as a result of stories written saying I like to eat.

When I'm working on a picture, like now on *Julie*, I'll have some fruit and soft boiled eggs in the morning and a cup of Sanka or Postum. During production I generally lunch on a small steak and salad. In this picture I play a highly emotional role. I'm a distraught wife constantly on the run from her homicidal jealous husband (Louis Jourdan). If I ate big breakfasts and heavy lunches it would have an effect upon my work. Of course I forgot to mention that the camera puts five pounds on me, so I have to do a bit of dieting, together with Marie, my dear friend and wardrobe mistress, who has been with me since Warner Brothers.

Usually I lunch in my dressing room. This gives me a chance to slip into a robe and quietly relax. Here again I want to spike rumors that I'm aloof and don't eat with the gang in the commissary. I love the gang, I love people, but I feel the picture comes first and that I must have a period of relaxation before starting the long afternoon. A little cat-nap does wonders, believe me.

My favorite foods are steak and French fried onions, salads, Italian and Chinese—or maybe I should say Cantonese.

One evening in San Francisco we decided on an Italian dinner and were recommended to Vanessi's. Well, "Uncle Joe" Vanessi, as he insisted we call him, ordered our dinner for us. It took three hours of eating our way through "Uncle Joe's" hospitality before we could make our way out to our car. Now that we are on location in Carmel, a short distance from San Francisco, I hope to revisit that wonderful restaurant again. The food was superb and "Uncle Joe" the nicest and most gracious host I've ever encountered.

Another week end we went with our son Terry to a dude ranch. We obliged Terry by going on the breakfast ride which included all the guests at the ranch. It was magnificent. We rode for about two hours. The trail led us to a secluded clearing in the wooded hills. Here a crew of

cooks were busy wrestling up a block-long griddle full of hot cakes and scrambled eggs and coffee. Golly, did that ever smell good. With a setting like this it was easy to get into an eating mood—yes, I ate like an old hand. It was the atmosphere, the open air, the ride, but most of all the vittles which were real good. At home I wouldn't think of having a heavy breakfast like that.

So, it all depends where I am. I let conditions rule.

We're off

Next question. *Do I like to travel with my family or alone?* I always travel with Marty and usually take Terry, except if it interferes with his school work. In fact, when we take Terry we almost always take a friend of his to keep him company. This has worked out beautifully, because children like to be with children. And we always think that parents, or I should say grown-ups, can get plenty dull after the first hour.

All of us went to Europe together last year and had a marvelous time. Marty and Terry must have shot more pictures than the production company. I was there working on the Alfred Hitchcock film, *The Man Who Knew Too Much.*

To me shopping in new places is the greatest. I always make the rounds of all the shops, see what everyone has to offer and then go back to where I saw something I liked. The trouble is, though, most of the time I forget where the shop is, or I don't have the time to get back.

So, back to week-ending, my favorite kind of traveling. We all set out for Alisal, about 100 miles north of Los Angeles. You should be familiar with this spot—remember, where I ate so many hot cakes. We were thrilled with this trip because of Terry. We discovered a new Terry. The cowboy! He was turned loose on a 20,000 acre ranch with nothing to do but ride horses and sit on the corral fence chatting with the cowboys. You see, Alisal is really a stock ranch with cattle, and he took to this life like a duck to water, becoming a real pal with the ranch hands, and of course they were very fond of him. He pitched in and helped saddle the horses, fed them hay, watered them and lolled around the bunk house with "the boys," listening to their songs.

When Sunday afternoon rolled around, Terry actually cried on parting with his new-found friends, and wanted to remain and live in the bunk house. He had actually made up his mind to be a cowboy! Of course there's nothing wrong with being a cowboy—and when Terry finishes college if he decides that he still wants to be one, he'll have our blessings.

Now, you asked me about traveling. We very often go to Palm Springs, about 100 miles south of Los Angeles. The exact opposite direction from Alisal, but we just love it there. Before starting our Arwin production of *Julie,* we spent a full week at Marion Davies Desert Inn, relaxing, playing tennis, golf and lying in the sun. Give us a hot day, a bottle of sun-tan oil and we're in business. Sun-bathing is a bit mild for Terry, though; not enough action, he says. So, he rented a bicycle built for two. This trip we didn't bring a friend of his and Marty was the first to realize what was happening. "Oh no, no, don't look at me, ask Mom to ride with you." It was a tandem and another rider was needed. We both lost. Later we commandeered the monster and I went on a shopping tour with Marty. While I looked for clothes, Marty was looking at property. Once again, I never got around to the second trip but Marty wound up by buying a membership at Tamarisk Country Club and a view lot—right on the golf course. This of course was by mutual consent and now we can't wait to start building our dream house.

To go on further with our traveling, we often take week-end trips to Las Vegas, which we love for its beautiful hotels, fabulous floor shows and gorgeous weather. Of course we don't go there to do much resting—on the contrary—we need a vacation when we get home.

One day while in Vegas, Terry and his friend kept insisting they challenge us to go on the "bumper cars" at the amusement center. Marty, a master at giving the brush, put them off until after dinner when the sun went down. That evening we had a delicious steak dinner. Being summer, we topped it off with a large cold slice of watermelon. You've had that feeling, after a Thanksgiving dinner. So, up comes Terry with, "Now let's go on the bumper cars," and Marty blanched. But in our family a promise is a promise. You know, to this day I don't know how either of us ever survived that "bumper car" contest.

Yes, I love to travel. It's fun to get away from the house but always twice as nice to return home.

your letters
on teen-age problems
will be answered
by **debbie reynolds**
in the **august**
issue of
modern screen
on sale **july 3**
with **debbie** herself
on the cover.

Two good ones

Whoops! Here's a good one. *Who dresses me?* By this I hope you mean who selects my clothes? But if you really mean "Who dresses me"—well, I'm a big girl now and I dress myself. The answer to the latter question is the same. I select my own clothes and I love to shop for myself. Marty has excellent taste in selecting clothes for me and loves nice things and surprises me.

I love tailored clothes, suits and lots of slacks and tops. And lots of full cottons for summer, and I adore evening gowns. It's such fun getting dressed up for a party.

On our trip to Europe, I selected a wonderful fabric in France. Marty suggested that we buy the material and have the suit made in London. I did, and couldn't be happier. Their suits are wonderful and the tailoring superb!

Next question asks, *What are my pet peeves?* I've got no pets in this category. I guess I have answered some of these in some of the previous questions, but I can add that I dislike to answer the telephone. I resist to the bitter end. Can't stand the sudden harshness of the bell, but if it's for me I'll curl up on the couch and talk for hours on end.

I hate it when people stare at me in public. I'm embarrassed. I jump when I hear my name spoken at nearby tables. I often wonder if other stars feel the same way, like a gold fish in a bowl—with no privacy.

It seems to be a must in show business to maul and paw you with a greeting. To plant a big whiskey-odored kiss on your cheek. I resent this when it's done to me. I'm annoyed at over-demonstrative people. I'm sure it's fun at home but I just don't go for that bit . . . in public. I also resent females being over-demonstrative with my husband and I don't spare the horses in telling them off. I'll tell you, I'm never annoyed by the same person twice.

O.K. On to the next one. You want to know *Who are my friends in Hollywood?* My friends and Marty's friends are compiled in no other way than your friends. Usually they're people with whom you work, neighbors or old school chums. But mostly one finds friends in the associated fields of your business. So our friends vary from stars, actors, music publishers, band leaders, writers, producers and press agents and some with whom we find much in common on a spiritual basis.

We have many close friends, including Jerry Lewis and his wonderful wife Patti. Now this might sound like a strange combination, Doris Day and Jerry Lewis. But remember actors aren't acting all the time, Jerry is a wonderful guy and a very considerate father, husband and friend. Isn't it wonderful about their new baby? . . . Dick Powell and June Allyson are another couple we see very often. The Sam Weisses—he's a music publisher—are very close friends. Danny Thomas and his wife, we love and adore. Jack Benny and Mary are another couple we see often. We see our friends and enjoy each other with small dinner parties at home.

If a big group gets together, it becomes involved as to where to go, what to do and somehow, Marty always winds up as the social director. He automatically becomes the leader. It was funny when Jack Benny arrived one night with a whistle on a chain for Marty. Jerry Lewis brought a basketball and told Marty he was now official coach of their team.

Friends, fine friends, are where you find them. As the saying goes, "Show me your friends and I'll know who you are."

Gosh, I've really been on a soap box, and here comes that man for his box, so I'll step down. Sure, I'll answer some more questions—some other time.

What? Just one more? All right, let's have it. *What do I think is the most exciting picture of my career?* I'm glad you forced me for one more question. I'm fully convinced that to date the most exciting picture of my career is in the making right here at Carmel. I play the title role of *Julie,* being directed by Andrew Stone. The most unusual part of this picture is that no studio sets are being used. Every shot is on "live locations," taken at airports, in the air during actual flight of a plane, a magnificent chase along the picturesque seventeen mile drive at Carmel. We have so much to work with and a wonderful script from which to work, so that I think this is it. Also, I am playing a part so different from my usual song and dance routines that . . . well you'll see a new Day. This picture is really an emotional suspense-packed drama but I do sing one song. As a matter of fact it's part of my contract that I sing at least one song in every picture I do.

Lovingly,
Doris Day

(*Continued from page 51*) rang again. This time he dropped his jaw at the conversation.

"We've just got six in stock, Greg," declared the blond salesman. "But they're the best—like Gable bought. No—no—don't think of it. The boy's out, but I'll bring them right over myself . . . Everything happens at once around here," he grinned apologetically to the tourist, who wasn't listening.

"Look," he said, "I suppose you'll tell me that was Gregory Peck you talked to—and about Clark Gable?"

"That's right."

Things connected now, the store sign, the famous names, the familiar features. "Hey," cried the customer, "I know you—you're Alan Ladd, the movie actor! Say," he blurted as Alan nodded, "can I ask you a personal question? Why the heck does a guy like you work in a hardware store?"

"I don't know," said Alan. "Because I've got to, I guess."

That answer probably didn't make sense to the baffled tourist, any more than it would to a lot of people who know Alan Ladd much better. They know that actually he doesn't have to work another day in his life. If anyone has got it made in Hollywood, it's Alan. Yet in another respect his was an absolutely honest reply: Alan can no more resist tackling something new than he can halt his breath.

Alan is a man with the golden touch. Recently he produced *Cry In The Night* for $300,000. It seems headed to return $3,000,000. Shortly before that he risked some important savings in ten oil wells. The first nine came in. All the stocks he bought several years ago have split and tripled in value. Both his twenty-five-acre Alsulana Ranch and his eleven-room Holmby Hills mansion (called "Ladd's follies" when he bought them) are worth twice what he paid. He's already had five bids for his new Palm Springs house, bought only last April, at a $50,000 profit. One offer came from Jack Benny, a notoriously tight man with a buck. By now Alan has a percentage interest in ten pictures assuring him a husky income for as many years ahead. Last year all in all, he collected over $1,000,000.

So, with no clouds whatever in his sky, these should be the vintage years for Alan Ladd—a time when he can coast a bit, relax and enjoy himself. But instead of sitting back and sampling the fruits of his labors, the eternally restless guy is sowing seeds for more every time he turns around. That new hardware store is as good an example as any.

One sun-struck week

Alan drove down to Palm Springs with Sue one week end last April with nothing, he said, on his mind but some sun. One week later he and Sue had bought a house and moved into it.

They started out with one chair, a borrowed bed and a TV set—because once Alan tackles something he's at it like a terrier. By Fourth of July the pool was mirroring the blue sky, complete with palm trees waving overhead. Inside, Sue's beige and black Chinese modern decor was cool and comfy despite a 110 reading outside. And Alan Ladd was already started in the hardware business.

He ran into Bob Higgins when he built on a wing for the kids and looked up the contractor who had put up the house. The minute they met they started pounding each other's backs. The big red-headed Irishman turned out to be a fan of Alan's from away back—before he'd ever made a movie. Bob was a class below Al at North Hollywood High when Alan was the big operator there. Naturally Bob got the job, and in the process there was some trouble getting the right hardware.

"Trouble is there's just one hardware store in town," Bob complained. "No competition."

"Why don't we give him some?" asked Alan. That minute Higgins-Ladd Hardware got going. Land was leased from the Indian reservation and a smart new building went up. Today it's filled with the classiest hardware stock in any store anywhere, including a deluxe toy department installed by Sue. Jack Benny, Clark Gable, Van Johnson, Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra—a who's who of Hollywood—are charge customers. Last Christmas Lucille Ball shopped for all her presents there, checking off a list two feet long. Greg Peck bought $700 worth of kitchenware for Veronique to use in their new home. Alan and Bob have a staff of four and around $125,000 tied up in the place. By now Alan's a member of the Palm Springs Chamber of Commerce, and one town faction is planning to run him for mayor!

"And I brought him down here to rest!" sighs Sue.

The one "folly" Alan has gone after with dubious success is breeding race horses. But he's still trying. Alan bought an Irish brood mare on his trip to Europe three years ago and had her flown across the Atlantic to the ranch to improve the blood line, which so far, hasn't been spectacular. The one time a Ladd horse nosed first under the wire at Hollywood Park Alan was so excited that the picture he snapped turned out to be a shot of the floor! But that triumph was enough to keep him determined to eventually produce a Nashua or a Swaps.

Before her much-publicized marriage, Grace Kelly was escorted to the theatre by a friend. Naturally, Miss Kelly was besieged by autograph hunters. "All a man needs, when he takes out Grace," he sighed, "is a fountain pen."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

A guy like that has to believe he'll win, or he won't. Optimism, confidence and the guts to make decisions fast are marks of any champion. Alan has always acted on trigger-quick impulses. His new Palm Springs house and Higgins-Ladd Hardware were decisions made in minutes. So was his most prized possession today, Alsulana Acres, the first land he ever owned, and still the symbol of first success.

Alan first saw it when he rode out with an antique dealer friend to help deliver a sofa at another Hidden Valley ranch. After he'd helped lift it off the truck and lug it inside, he stepped out on the porch to get his breath and looked around the lovely mountain ringed valley. And suddenly he knew what he wanted. He stepped back inside and asked the woman who owned the house, "Do you know if there are any ranches for sale around here?"

She was so amused she had a hard time keeping a straight face. She thought he was a roustabout. Hidden Valley is the most expensive ranch land in Southern California. "There's one over there," she finally said, "but I'm afraid you couldn't afford it."

"Thanks," he said. That week he bought it. Only afterward did he tell his new neighbor who he was.

One of Sue's favorite stories is about Alan's sudden impulses. At lunch one day, awhile back, she mentioned her long cherished dream to visit Hawaii. Alan merely grunted something about how busy he was and how he couldn't afford it. That afternoon he went down town "on business." At dinner he asked, "Haven't you started packing yet?"

"For what?" she asked him puzzledly.

"Hawaii, of course," he said, handing her a packet of tickets. He'd made reservations for two days later. And two days later they sailed—the whole family.

Although he pretends to turn a casual, sometimes even curt face to the world, Alan is actually as sensitive as a seismograph to other people's feelings and desires—whether they're those of his own wife and children or the guy down at the gas station. This trait translates itself into deep reaching loyalties which influence whatever he does.

Each morning when Alan's shooting, Hannah has a special chore—to prepare a full-course hot lunch for ten to fifteen and get it in the station wagon. At noon that's how many of the Jaguar Productions crew have lunch with Alan in his dressing room. The guests are rotated each day.

The other day Alan mentioned to Rudy, his Mexican gardner, that he liked *tacos*. "I'll bet your wife makes *tacos* out of this world," he ventured.

"Please—you will come to dinner?" invited Rudy, "and my wife, she will make them for you." Alan said he'd be delighted. Van and Evie Johnson came down that week and Rudy invited them, too. All four had a wonderful evening at Rudy's modest home in Palm Springs.

Alan spends $50,000 a year keeping in touch with his fans. The two secretaries who help him, Rosemary and Junie, were originally members of his fan club. Recently at the famous Scripps Clinic in La Jolla, California, the nurse who prepared him for the embarrassing ordeal of internal tests turned out to be a fan who had written him off and on for years. "You've always been my favorite actor, Mr. Ladd," she said. "Turn over, please."

Alan went to the clinic last spring to try to lick a troublesome sinus condition. He spent eight days there, and Sue went through the same examinations. At the end the doctors gave them both a perfect bill of health but so far haven't determined what makes Al's head clog up painfully at night. Allergy was suspected and he had tests for almost every known irritant, which Sue took, too.

"Alan wasn't allergic to anything," Sue laughs wryly, "I was allergic to everything."

"Especially me," he teases her. But that's furthest of all from the truth.

No two people

There are no two people more sentimental about their marriage than Alan and Sue Ladd. Each year Alan and Sue celebrate two wedding anniversaries—the first for their original wedding in Tijuana, Mexico, and the second for the time they double-hitched it in Santa Ana, California, four months later on July 12—fourteen years ago.

The most recent one might have been their first, the way they acted. It was an all day contest between two people trying to outdo each other in making the day wonderful for the other one. Periodically Alan would rush away on a lame excuse and be back with a new present. Then Sue would disappear on the same mission. Meanwhile the living room of their Palm Springs house took on the appearance of a hothouse. Flowers and telegrams kept the doorbell ringing and Lottie, the maid, scurrying for something to use for a vase. Each brought a reminiscence and the word repeated most often was "lucky." That evening, after a toast in champagne, they went out to dinner and around town. At every stop a special chef's tribute to a happily married couple miraculously ap-

peared on the table. How everyone knew was a mystery to Alan and Sue. But why everyone cared is no mystery to anyone.

Alan and Sue Ladd are bound together not only by sentiment, and abiding love—but something else which would make any thought of retiring ridiculous for either one of them. Theirs is a working marriage in every real sense of that term. It started that way, and that's the way it's stayed.

The Ladd kids

Sue had a daughter when she married Alan. Alan had a son. Today, curiously, Carol Lee looks more like Alan than she does Sue. And Alan, Jr. resembles Sue more than he does Alan. When Alan sometimes grumbles that Laddie exhibits no burning get-up-and-go at eighteen, as he himself did, it's Sue who points out, "Remember, Laddie hasn't had to. He's been raised in a different world." On the other hand, Alan has always been Carol Lee's special champion.

It was Alan who persuaded Carol Lee to major in Theatre Arts at UCLA, where she graduated two years ago *cum laude.*

Outside of his children Alan hasn't a relative in the world. Sue has only some elderly aunts and scattered cousins. It may be an impossible dream—to have Ladd Enterprises carried on for another generation—but Alan dreams it. Already he has broken Laddie into a camera. It was only a bit in *Santiago* where Junior jumped from a tree into a fight scene. "But he got his Actor's Guild card," exults Pop. Dave is a little young but already looks like a future swoon, and it wouldn't make his Dad mad if some day he wanted to be one for a living. As for Alana, already she's getting restless.

The other afternoon Sue overheard a marathon phone session between Alana and a girl friend. The subject was young Bob Walker, Jennifier Jones' son.

"I know he thinks I'm *much* too young for him," confided Alana. "It's true I'm only twelve. But *mentally* I'm at least fifteen!"

Well, her dad will be only forty-three, come next September 3. Just entering the prime of life, it may seem a little previous for him to think about posterity at this point. He still is about as wiry and tough as he ever was. He weighs 140, only five pounds more than "Tiny" Ladd did in high school. He hasn't any vices worth mentioning, outside of a tendency to try and fill an inside straight at poker.

So I guess, being Alan Ladd, he'll never stop worrying about something and trying something new. Things will never get easier for him, because Alan just couldn't stand them that way. **END**

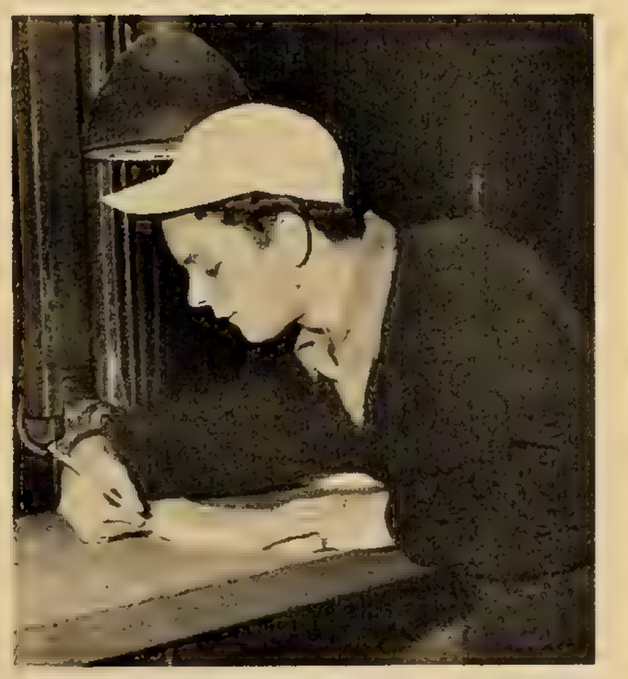
Packagers or producers of TV shows usually have an answer for a bad review. Here are some we've heard: "The critic probably didn't even see it" . . . "That was our worst show. They are wonderful later on" . . . "You know how that critic is when he has trouble at home" . . . "How could we get a good review? Look who we're up against—the critic's best friend" . . . "The critic just doesn't like westerns no matter how fine they are" . . . "Who cares about reviews. Only ratings count" . . . "We made the show for peanuts but no one takes that into consideration" . . . "Our star was ill, the director was unhappy with the deal he made, the cameraman has been having trouble with his eyes and the network is trying to get the time. How could we do a good show?" . . .

Leo Guild in
The Hollywood Reporter



Russ Tamblyn built a table for his honeymoon home and now he calls himself

VENETIA'S HANDYMAN



First Russ traced the curves he planned to cut on the 8-foot mahogany board.



Having sawed them out carefully (with attention to measurements and fingers) he fit them together.



Planing took hours—a back-breaking job. Then he had to sand the sections and join and finish them.



The next day, when the finish dried, he attached four black metal legs.



And there's the table, the main attraction of the Tamblyn's studio-type bedroom. "You see," Venetia told him proudly when he was done, "you're not only handsome—you're useful!"

New lines! Yes, and simply—exquisite—the gals, their figures, their hats—their bras! Left: Dainty nylon lace 6-way convertible bra worn off-shoulder (separated under-cup ribbon wire). $5. Right: Also ribbon wired, a 6-way padded convertible bra of embroidered cotton (worn strapless). $3.95. Both bras big news for new necklines! Both by Exquisite Form. Shorts by Northlander. Right below: Samsonite's heavenly new "Sea Shades" beauty case in blue, sand, green or grey.

TRY A NEW



LINE

Smart gals—that includes movie stars for sure and we hope you, too—don't buy blouses or dresses just because of their prettiness, color, quality or price unless, most importantly, they are rated first in the "glamour line"—and—that means new necklines! A tailored blouse style is likely to be the favorite with your guy even though you think it is only to be worn for sports, desk or duty! Rhonda poses in a tailored blouse that dashes into stardom because of its wide-cut Italian collar, its wonderful (and so flattering) pale blue color—you can imagine what that does for Rhonda's lush red hair. No more—no less—than the black blouse with halter neck, deep V-plunge stopped by a big and easy bow—no chance choice for that important date under the sun or stars. And speaking romantically leads us right up front into the sweetheart line, lovely heartbeat idea of yesterday's so feminine fashion trend that is forever new—and young! Rhonda's sweetheart blouse is dressed up with buttons and bow (it may be worn on or off the shoulder). This three-blouse wardrobe will quicken any summer day—or date! But don't forget—each particular neckline "must" have its beautiful beginnings with just the right underpinnings for perfect look and fit. Write Fashion, MODERN SCREEN, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., for the store in your town that carries these McArthur cotton blouses (under $5 each). Jewelry by Capri.







CHANGE YOUR LINE
TO HOLD YOUR MAN!

—practice a ladylike laugh instead of giggling!
—learn to cook an exotic dish and invite "him" for supper—alone!
—be a good listener instead of chattering incessantly!
—dance in Mona Lisa silence!
—talk about "him" . . . not about other guys and dates!
—be light-hearted and gay—don't argue!
—concentrate on "his" ambitions—not yours!
—let "him" order—don't ask for the most expensive dish on the menu!
—be ready when he comes to pick you up—don't keep "him" waiting!
—be yourself at all times—not a masquerader!
—always dress to please "him"—not yourself or your gal friends!

See Rhonda Fleming in RKO's While The City Sleeps

All photos by Roger Prigent

TRY A NEW SLIMMER →



Roger Prigent

TRY A NEW SLIMMER

This season it is chic to have a leaner, long-bodied figure, even with your swim togs and play clothes! Here's how—wear a Playtex panty brief that washes in seconds, pats dry with a towel. Left, the light-weight style of Fabricon (shown with the famous Playtex Living Bra); right, the new Magic Controller of Fabricon-lace. Both panty briefs are all-over perforated for body breathing and both are lined for easy on and off. Also available with garters. Pink or white. The cotton knit Siren Tee-Shirt and "Siren Striped" Knee-Hi shorts are from a gay collection by Jantzen. Both pairs of casual shoes are selections from the great collection of famous summertime Kedettes made by U. S. Rubber.

TRY A NEW HAIR-DO, see pg. 72
TRY A SURPRISE PACKAGE, see pg. 80

kim's dilemma

(*Continued from page 34*) course, have a field day with their other dates—hinting that Frank Sinatra is Kim's new flame—but she isn't his. And the skiing instructor she met at Grossinger's and dated in New York, Tony Kastner—obviously, they say, he was doing her dirt. Why, she dated him in Europe, even at the Cannes Film Festival—and then the minute she left he took a plane for Chicago to see Cleo Moore! Why, the scoundrel. Poor Kim.

But if poor Kim felt sorry for herself, it had nothing to do with Tony's dating Cleo. Ruefully, she hoped they'd have a good time. For herself—the thing that bothered her was that she just couldn't seem to care.

Mac Krim's competition was and is nothing so tangible as Another Man. And nothing so easy to beat.

Kim sat in a coffee shop with a girl friend one day recently—a girl of her own age, to whom she could talk almost more freely than she could to her mother. And she said, dreamily, "A happy marriage . . . that's for me." Her friend looked up, startled. But almost in the same breath Kim added, "Still, Mr. Cohn has been awfully good to me."

No—that's not a new romantic angle. Harry Cohn, to Kim and the rest of the movie world, means Columbia Pictures, of which he is the head. She might have said "Maxwell Arnow" instead of "Mr. Cohn," for Maxwell was also good to Kim, being the talent head of Columbia. To Kim he was the man with the magic touch who guided her career. She wept bitterly when he left Columbia for Hecht-Lancaster. She felt almost deserted then. But now she sat in the coffee house, twisting a ring on her finger. It was a gold signet ring, a present from Mac, and she wore it on her right hand. Suddenly she leaned forward. "Listen," she said, a note of almost desperate urgency in her voice, "I know this is a dangerous time for me. I'm trying not to change in the important ways, but I may be on the point of giving up one life for another. Mac is very understanding about my career, but how long can a man be patient with a girl?"

"I don't know, Kim," her friend said.

Kim shook her head. "I'm so confused right now. I'm still in love with Mac—I know that for sure. But all of a sudden I really care about being a good actress. I keep feeling I want to give all my time to study—and to working toward that.

"Oh, it's not that I'm really impressed with all this talk about stardom, and the fuss every one makes. That's fun, and it's nice—but it's the acting I want. All of a sudden I can't just sit back and let good enough be enough. I want to be good. And if you decide that, you've got to go all the way."

And all the way is a long, lonely road to travel.

Kim Novak is a star, to be sure. At Columbia, she's the reigning princess. But her position is not so secure that her throne can't shaken—and at Columbia they keep telling her that if she gets married—it will topple.

Nobody, they told Kim, wants a married star. Partly because it's not so glamorous. The fans don't like it. It's romantic if she's in love, but it's dull if she's married.

But that's not the only reason. "You'll lose your ambition," they told her. "How can you work, really give everything, when you know you've got a home to look after, and a meal to fix? When you're worrying about your husband half the day? You'll see—you just won't care any more. And then—"

"But that won't happen," Kim pled. "It isn't just ambition—it's more. It's a dream with me. I've told you how much I want to act. Don't you see?"

"Sure, Kim. Maybe you'll get a maid and a cook to fix (*Continued on page 74*)

1000 FREE SUPER CHARTS

Here's the last chance for MODERN SCREEN readers to obtain up-to-date editions of the famous MODERN SCREEN SUPER STAR INFORMATION CHART! The editors have prepared a brand-new, limited supply of 1956 Charts—to be sent absolutely free to the first one thousand readers who fill out and send the questionnaire below. These amazing encyclopedias of information tell you all about almost five hundred stars—their marital status, vital statistics, current pictures, pastimes—everything! So hurry!

Please check the space to the left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE SUSAN HAYWARD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE KIM NOVAK:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of the **Editorial** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
I READ: ☐ all of **Kim's Dilemma** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE JOHN WAYNE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE MARILYN MONROE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I READ:
☐ all of **How He Proposed**
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE RORY CALHOUN:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE SAL MINEO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE DORIS DAY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE ALAN LADD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JOAN COLLINS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE MARLON BRANDO:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know him well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. I LIKE JEAN SIMMONS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ don't know her well enough to say
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

14. I READ:
☐ all of **Helen Rose** ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

15. I READ:
☐ all of **Louella Parsons In Hollywood**
☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

16. Have you bought anything you've seen in **MODERN SCREEN FASHIONS** in the past six months? ☐ yes ☐ no
What did you buy?.....
.....

17. Do you ever make your own clothes or does anyone in your family make clothes for you? ☐ yes ☐ no

18. Which male and female stars do you want to read about? Please indicate your preference at the right by writing your first choice next to (1), your second choice next to (2) and your third choice next to (3).

(1) _____ MALE (1) _____ FEMALE
(2) _____ MALE (2) _____ FEMALE
(3) _____ MALE (3) _____ FEMALE

19. To which movie magazines do you subscribe? _____

AGE.....**NAME**.....**ADDRESS**.....
.....**CITY**.....**STATE**.....

Mail To: READER POLL DEPARTMENT, MODERN SCREEN, Box 125, MURRAY HILL STATION, NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

TRY A NEW HAIR-DO

Gone is the pony tail—the Italian cut! Hollywood says wear your hair bouffant style as Virginia Mayo shows you in this exclusive photo



See Virginia next in U-I's Congo Crossing

■ There is nothing so stimulating for your morale—or your good looks—as a new hair-do! Unless it's a new beau! But you can't snag "him" unless—your curls are smooth and soft and stylishly set. So here's Hollywood's glamour exclusive about your curls, straight from U-I's great hair stylist, Joan St. Oegger.

Gone is that careless, shaggy-dog look. This season you must wear more hair, it must be beautifully groomed and have a lush, bouffant look akin to that of your billowing skirts!

Study Virginia's picture and you will see that even though perfectly groomed the new hair-do has a loose, casual air that gives a look that's tops with guys!

Curly hair is a "must" for this new style. Naturally curly, or if not so blessed, made curly in a whizz with any one of the easy-to-do home permanents. (See a list of suggested perms, pg. 86).

Joan's hair-set rules are easy to follow. All your curls must be large. Small curls make your hair frizzy and you will fail to get the full and airy look of the coiffure. Always be sure that your curls are set in a uniform manner.

The trick of the hair-do comes after the hair is set. You "must" brush it out thoroughly —be sure the curls are completely dry before you do this. Then—shape the hair with your hands! This gives the lovely bouffant look.

Joan thinks the bouffant style is the perfect hair-do for the new hats and clothes. She likes it, too, because it pops out from under a swim cap looking as trim as ever "if" you press it back neatly before you put your swim cap on.

We watched as Joan set Virginia's hair. Our artist sketched each curl. If you follow the placing of the curls and the exact direction of the hair strands of each curl—you can't miss!

Joan gave us some tips about perms if your hair is not naturally curly. Always towel-dry your pre-perm shampoo as you "must" start your perm with hair that is just barely damp. Do not twist the strands of your hair when you are making the curls. Every home permanent comes with a booklet of scientifically prepared directions. For a professional looking job study it as carefully as a textbook and gather together all the needed materials "before" you start your perm.

Some gals are masterful at cutting their own hair. But in most instances Joan suggests a good barber for correct trimming. Your perms and sets will be more successful and easier to do if your hair is smartly shaped.

Hollywood stars know how to give themselves a perm and how to style and set their hair. They have to—because the activities of these busy career girls sweep them to all parts of the world in some of which professional services are not available. And—these glamour girls must "always" look their best! You should, too!

HERE'S HOW . . . to set the new hair-do—see pg. 80

This new golden <u>richer</u> shampoo makes your hair obey... Makes it instantly easy to manage... because Pamper <u>can't</u> dry your hair. You see—

Pamper is so very, very gentle...

SO MUCH RICHER,
SO MUCH THICKER..
YOU CAN <u>FEEL</u>
THE DIFFERENCE

Gentle as a Lamb

HOUSEWARMING

Smile when you say that word to the wetted-down, burned-up Pecks!

■ It started the day Greg Peck and his bride, Veronique, moved into their honeymoon home. It wasn't the dreamhouse he'd promised. The one with the man-size rooms, wishing well and stables he'd planned to have was leased by the Eddie Fishers just ten minutes before Greg arrived with his deposit.

So the couple moved into his bachelor quarters, a picturesque house which Greg referred to as "a renovated chicken coop." "It's quiet," he consoled, "and close to nature." A little *too* close, in fact.

Monday started out uneventful enough. Greg reported to 20th for *The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit,* while Veronique tried out one of her native French recipes and began helping hubby read scripts for his own picture company. The house, which boasted a small garden, had a terraced backyard that climbed up the steep canyon wall. Near the end of the week the sun suddenly took a nose-dive into a fat gray cloud, and the rain started. The downpour continued all night. By the next day, the Pecks' garden had floated away and the canyon wall had slumped down the hillside, christening the newlyweds' furniture!



They managed to get out of the house, but they couldn't get back in. Ducking the bulldozer noisily snorting across their yard and the muddy debris, the Pecks salvaged what they could, and moved into the Beverly Hills Hotel.

By the time they were finally able to move back in, he had finished his picture and had turned his full attention to house-hunting. When they found a place, Peck didn't waste any time debating. He pulled out a checkbook and promptly made a deposit on the $95,000 property.

The house, formerly owned by agent Kurt Frings, nestles on the crest of a hill, but with nary a canyon wall to slide into the backyard.

But, first, things had to be put in order. The moving vans weren't even out of sight when Greg and Veronique began unpacking the crates. By late afternoon, everything was uncrated, with mountains of cardboard and tissue paper burning in the incinerator or piled nearby.

The couple were in the kitchen preparing a snack when they heard a woman scream. The shrill yell brought Greg sprinting to the front door, where a motorist, leaning out of her car window, was excitedly pointing to his house. "Mister," she screamed, "your place is on fire!"

Stunned, Peck stared at his house. In the backyard, flames were licking up the sides of the servants' quarters. Veronique ran to phone the fire department while Greg raced for the garden hose.

A few minutes later the firemen arrived and had things under control. "You piled those papers too close to the incinerator," they explained. Looking at the charcoaled servants' wing, it was evident that with a slight change in the wind, the main house would have blazed like a match in a furnace.

Greg looked at his trembling bride and slipped a reassuring arm around her and comforted, "Everything's under control." The lines around his eyes relaxed and crinkled into a smile. "It's all over. Come on, let's finish fixing dinner. Absolutely nothing more can happen." They started for the kitchen, and then she paused. "I wonder," she hesitated, "if I remembered to turn off the gas?"

—by Reba and Bonnie Churchill

(*Continued from page 71*) dinner for your husband. And if you can keep from feeling guilty, maybe you'll get by. But Kim—what if you have a baby? What do you do then—turn it over to a nurse to bring up?"

Kim shook her head slowly. "Oh, no . . . I couldn't do that. . . ."

"Of course you couldn't. So what then? One picture a year? You're not ready for that, honey. And what if your husband had to move away from Hollywood—what if his business took him somewhere else? Would you let him go alone? Or would you go, too? And if you let him go alone—what good would you be here?"

"I don't know. . . ."

"Well, we know. We're older, and we've been around a long time. And honey, the truth is—if you get married, you're not the only one who won't be so interested in you any more. We love you—but we won't be so interested. We can't afford to be. If you've really got a dream, Kim—make sure you don't wake up out in the cold."

Memories

"All the way," Kim had said. Her friend sat quietly, studying her for a minute. She remembered the time when Kim had been on location for *Picnic,* and had written her half a dozen times, saying frankly, without even being embarrassed—"Call Mac for me. Tell him I wrote you and said I was thinking about Mac. Tell him—tell him not to forget me." And she remembered the night Kim had burst into her room in the Studio Club and wept a damp puddle into her pillow, because it was two whole days since she'd been back and Mac hadn't phoned. And how she couldn't be comforted until one of the sympathetic girls had sneaked down the hall and phoned Mac, and he'd phoned Kim to say he only wanted to give her a chance to rest before he "bothered" her. She remembered what Nick Adams had told her when she had asked how Kim had been on location. "When she wasn't working," Nick had said, "she was almost always by herself. And when she was working—it was as if she loved it because it kept her mind off things."

And so she sat there and looked at her friend, Kim Novak, the movie star, and reflected that she didn't envy her one little bit. And finally, when she spoke, she said, "And after you've gone all the way, Kim—where will you be?"

Kim's lips quivered, and for a moment she looked as if she'd burst into tears. "Oh, I know," she said softly. "The men in the studio have done wonders for me as an actress—but Mac—Mac knew me before I was anybody. Mac has given me—faith, and confidence in myself as a woman."

Her deep eyes filled with tears. "Tell me," she said. "Tell me what I should do."

But no one in Hollywood can tell Kim what to do. Partly because her friends are too close to it, the studio too involved with it. Mac Krim cannot tell her, cannot legitimately say more than he already has told others—"She's a genuinely sweet girl. And she's honest. I've never gone with a girl this long before." He can't make up her mind for her. The decision must be Kim's. At the present, too confused to know just what she thinks, she needs advice from people who can look at her and at her problem clearly, without prejudice, without having an axe to grind.

She laughs when people talk about brides and marrying young—but nervously she adds, "Goodness—I'm twenty-three." And it scares her, to be twenty-three and no nearer marriage—or even a decision—than she was when she was twenty. She does need advice—and soon. **END**

based on his make-up research for color TV

Max Factor creates a new kind of lipstick



new! the color won't come off until you take it off!

new! no waiting for it to set! no blotting!

new! it never, never dries your lips!

new! the brilliant beauty of high fidelity colors!

Max Factor's hi-fi Lipstick

T BRINGS BRILLIANT NEW BEAUTY to your lips . . . ecause Hi-Fi does for lipstick color what high fidelity oes for music . . . creates a whole new scale of clear, rilliant tones *never possible before.*

HIS BRILLIANT BEAUTY WON'T COME OFF until ou're ready to *take* it off! For Hi-Fi is an altogether *ew kind* of lipstick, radiant with color that stays on eautifully not just 24 hours, but even *longer.*

O 20-MINUTE WAIT FOR IT TO SET! *No blotting.* rom the moment you apply Hi-Fi, your lips are *ready.*

I-FI IS NON-DRYING. *Does not draw the lips.* Creamy- ne, it caresses your lips with appealing smoothness, gives a fresh deliciously moist feeling you will *love.*

HI-FI IS NON-GREASY . . . glides on cleanly, with delicate precision, and stays *put.* Hi-Fi is non-waxy, feels perfectly natural on your lips.

IT ALL BEGAN WITH COLOR TELEVISION. Under the powerful lights, existing lipsticks dried out. Colors faded away. So the great TV studios turned to Max Factor for a *new kind* of lipstick.

Max Factor answered with Hi-Fi. It brings brilliant beauty to your lips, *set to stay night and day* the moment you apply it! 9 high fidelity shades—*all new!* Get yours *today.* Max Factor's Hi-Fi Lipstick, $1.25 plus tax.

he dream lipstick only Max Factor could make come true • now available to the public for the first tin

(*Continued from page 37*) day, from dawn to the flick of the last light switch at night, is dedicated to the collection and storing of memories.

My husband, John Wayne, is truly a homebody, every bit of the man about the house. He claims he is tidy, but as soon as he enters the door at the end of the day he throws his jacket into the air and expects it to land in a proper place. Then he lunges at a sofa or a chair and collapses. If you saw it for the first time you'd think he was through for the night—but this collapse generally lasts for about a minute and a half.

Soon, he glances at the fireplace. Winter or summer his next concern is the fireplace. As he often says, "It's chilly enough in California for a fire every night." He gets to his feet, pushes the fire screen open with his big boot and trundles from four to half-a-dozen huge logs onto the hearth. Enough to heat a small village. Then he crouches down and turns on the gas starter and throws in a match. At this point I'm near a door, because when he turns anything on he turns it *on*—and there is a respectable explosion, which so far, thank heaven, he has been able to duck. When an inferno is raging up the chimney he settles back in a seat and announces: "I'm so tired tonight I just can't talk on the telephone. I'm not in to anybody." And I say, "Yes dear."

Of course the phone rings immediately and I answer it and say, "I'm sorry, but Mr. Wayne is not at home." Then I put my hand over the mouthpiece so that Duke can ask me—as he always does—who it is. I tell him and he says, "Oh, well, I'm in to *him*." And I hand him the phone—and while he's explaining how he just walked in the door, I go to see about dinner. I figure he'll be ready in about an hour, which gives him ample time to ring up the people who haven't called him.

We don't have many visitors out at our place, so dinner is generally a twosome by candle light. We settle more family matters at our dining room table than they do in most domestic relations columns. Like most things he does, Duke enjoys his food to the limit. And he's easy to cook and plan for. He doesn't care what he eats—as long as it's steak.

Most evenings we just sit and talk or play gin rummy or watch television after dinner, but a couple of times a week we see a movie. Since Duke became an active producer about five years ago he has had to have a projection room in his home.

We go to bed at a reasonable hour. Our bedroom is very large and Duke seems to walk over most of it several times before he gets into his pajamas and under the covers. Our bed is the biggest I have ever seen. It just fits Duke, but I sometimes feel I'm sleeping on a football field. Duke trots about the room picking up magazines and books and newspapers. He stacks them on the bed beside him until the place begins to look like a newsstand in a railway station, and then he props his pillows up, turns on his reading light, establishes himself comfortably for a long night of concentration on the printed word. From that point on I take over—and I time him like a stop watch. In exactly forty-five seconds he yawns. At a minute and ten seconds he rubs his eyes. At a minute and fifty seconds they close, and five seconds later the magazine or book falls from his hand.

I wait until his breathing is regular and then, one by one, I quietly remove the mound of literature from the bed to the floor and turn off his light. And I smile, because I know that in the morning he'll say, "I didn't sleep too well. I read half the night." And I'll say, "Yes, dear, I know."

Who are you?

Being married to a man in my husband's profession has its surprises. I'll never forget the first shock of seeing him as a movie character. Although he plays Western roles a good deal, Duke has never worn any such costume in public off the screen. He is a slacks and sports jacket or a business suit and necktie man. It was during our courtship days. Duke was making *Hondo* in Mexico and I was invited down to spend a few days with the company. I arrived during the afternoon while everyone was out in the desert on location. I went into Duke's cabin and decided to straighten it up for him. I was busy with my chores some time later when the door opened. I turned around and there stood the dirtiest looking cowboy I have ever seen. His pants hadn't been cleaned or pressed in years, and he wore a buckskin jacket that reeked of endless days and nights of wind and weather. A huge knife was stuck in his belt and he carried a rifle. And beneath a torn hat was a face that was vaguely familiar.

"Can I help you?" I said.

"Sure," said the fright. "Give me a kiss."

If you've stopped listening to radio you missed these two funnies this week: Amos of "A. & A." said a woman might be just a rag, a bone and a hank of hair, but they've learned to package the stuff rather nicely. And a Jack Benny actress said, "When he kisses me with those thick glasses on, I feel like I'm window shopping."

Mike Connolly in
The Hollywood Reporter

After a while I was sure it was Duke. After he changed clothes and showered.

And being married to a movie star can be heart-rending. There was the time he was working on a picture and got a terrible infection in his ear. If your husband works in an office, you just dump him into bed or take him to a hospital and phone the boss and say he won't be in until he's better. But not in the movies. When a star is in the middle of a picture the employment of possibly hundreds of people depends on his presence on the set.

Duke's infection started slowly, but after a week it was so severe that he couldn't open his mouth even to eat and he was in constant and dreadful pain. We had a doctor, all right. He said, "Put him in a hospital. Antibiotics don't seem to help. He's got to be where he can be watched."

But Duke wouldn't hear of it. "I can't do it, honey," he would moan. "I'm in the middle of a picture." In a few days his ear was swollen completely shut. It was so bad they could only photograph one side of his face. We quarreled about that. I insisted he tell them to shut down the picture—but he wouldn't listen to me. And all I could do was wait until the day's shooting was over and watch over him as he fell exhausted into bed and slipped into painful sleep.

Christmases with Duke

I think I will remember Christmas times with Duke most fondly. Most husbands, they tell me, take Christmas in their stride. It is a holiday—and the wife looks after all the details. Well, not in our house.

Along about the end of November he always says, "Don't you think it's about time we got the tree?"

"What tree?" I ask.

An expression of shock crosses his face. "Why, the Christmas tree, of course."

"Don't you think it's a little early?"

"Early!" he roars. "It will be here before you know it."

He generally waits about a week, in deference to my lack of enthusiasm, I think, and then one day about eight men come to the front door with a tree you just know will never fit in any house. But they manage to get it in—and with Duke directing the operation like a David Belasco it is installed in our living room. For the next few days he sneaks packages into the garage, and one morning when I come downstairs a little late there he is, covered with shreds of tinsel and cotton and smeared with some sort of white goo that squirts fake snow from cans.

From that point on I am not consulted about anything. Like a possessed agent of Santa Claus he charges about the house hanging baubles and setting up groups of angels. And when the place really looks like Macy's Christmas window, he lugs in cases of the white goo and sprays every window in the house. And it gets worse every year. Last year I turned on a light switch and from every direction shafts of brilliance descended on the most beautiful nativity scene I have ever seen. There was the stable and the manger with the Christ child nestled in the straw. And there were the animals placed so perfectly they seemed real, and the shepherds and a brilliant star hanging above it all. The only false note is that Duke created this masterpiece in the center of our pool table.

Christmas Eve and Christmas are family days and we both love them. But soon a strain sets in. We never discuss it—but one day, about the middle of January, Duke begins to dismantle his handywork—and when it is done he sits about for a day or so. He doesn't complain. He does, however, heave a huge and melancholy sigh every three or four minutes for at least a week.

The vices of my husband

Most married men have all sorts of vices, according to the gossip columns. And Duke has his, too. A couple of times a week he casually strolls into his den with a large stack of magazines and shuts the door. Vague sounds, like the clipping of scissors and the scratching of a pen emanate from the room for an hour or so and then Duke comes out, his jacket pocket bulging with envelopes, and announces that he's going down to the corner for a few minutes. About a week later the results of his efforts begin to come in the mail. Large packages, small packages, thin packages and fat packages. He opens them carefully and inspects the contents. They contain such equipment as invisible ink, pocket hand-warmers, careers in accounting and television repair, guitars, midget radios, awls (the better to sew leather), hand saws, piano tuning equipment, chemicals for dyeing rugs. You name it—we have it in our garage. And I have yet to see his face really light up at the sight of one of his purchases. But he doesn't complain, either. The most I have ever heard him say is: "Those fellows who make up those ads can sure write, can't they?"

There are three of us living in our house now, Duke and I and our baby, Aissa. And I'll never forget the past few months as Duke waited with me for the birth.

The day after I had been to the doctor and received the good news, Duke walked in the door lugging the biggest package he ever brought home. He tore off the wrapping and I leaped back in terror. He was hanging on to a life-size replica of a snarling tiger.

"What is that?" I demanded.

"It's a present for the kid," he said.

"What kid?" I asked.

"Our kid," he snorted.

And he started upstairs to what had

been my sewing room but what Duke immediately began to call the nursery.

"If he ever sees that thing," I said, "he'll refuse to move in with us!"

And it was that way every day almost for eight long months. Well, "he" turned out to be a little girl, but if we are to get our money's worth she will be playing with toys at the age of forty.

The arrangement of the nursery is generally a woman's job. Not in our house, though. As a matter of fact, I was hardly allowed into the room. I would hear voices in the room and go to see what was going on. I'd try the door and Duke would say, "Just a minute, honey, we're busy in here." And I'd go away. What does a woman know about nurseries, anyway?

But one night he showed me something that I think is the finest present a woman ever got from the father of her child. For a day or two strange men with all sorts of equipment had been running up and down the stairs and into the nursery. When I asked Duke what was going on he said he'd tell me later. That night, after dinner, he suggested we sit in the living room and watch television. We turned on the set and looked at a musical show for a few minutes. Then Duke said, "Switch to Channel Six."

"There's no such thing as Channel six," I said.

"Let's turn it on anyway," Duke said.

He's bigger than I am so I did—and there outlined on the screen was a picture. I couldn't make it out, although it was vaguely familiar. "What is that?" I asked.

"You are looking, Mrs. Wayne," said Duke, "at your baby's bed."

"What is my baby's bed doing on television?" I demanded. "It's supposed to be upstairs. And when did we get a Channel Six?"

"It *is* upstairs," Duke said. "We can't sit up there all the time, so I had a television camera put in there and all we have to do is turn on Channel Six on any television set in the house and we can keep an eye on the baby."

I just got back from the store a little while ago and on the way home I heard that song on the radio again. "Memories Are Made Of This." They surely are made of the things they say in the words of the song. And they are made of all of the other simple things that are part of life. It takes time to collect them—and a lot of time to think about them so they remain clear and fresh. But they are worth all the effort, for one day they may be all we have left. No one can be sure.

In a minute I'll go to the window and watch for Duke's car to swing out of the eucalyptus grove and start for the gate.

The day we were married in Hawaii, Duke and I had one fast moment together in the kitchen of the house we got ready for the ceremony in. He took me in his arms and pointed to the odds and ends that go to make up a house. "Are you going to be waiting for me every night in a place like this when I come home from work?" he demanded.

"I promise," I said.

"Yeah," he teased. "You'll forget some night."

"No," I said. "I won't forget. Any night—or any day."

I haven't so far—and I don't think I ever will. **END**

EDITOR'S NOTE: Pilar asked us to tell you that her English isn't quite this good —she wanted us to correct the mistakes, and so we did. You know, Spanish is her original tongue and she spoke nothing else until she met and married Duke. But except for correcting the grammar and spelling, we have not changed one word or one thought of Pilar's beautiful story.



as it stops odor... keeps you moisture-free longer!

The remarkable Tussy Deodorant protects delicate underarms and dainty fabrics from the kind of acid-damage caused by some deodorants! No more worry about sore underarms, ruined dresses! Now, you're safe from damaging deodorant acids with Tussy's exclusive "acid control" formula!

It stops odor, instantly . . . no waiting to dry! Stops moisture, *longer* . . . yet won't irritate normal skin! Keeps delicate fabrics, dainty cottons, linens, even nylon, *safe* from deodorant acids . . . *even* under intense ironing heat!

Remember–Tussy Deodorant in its vanishing cream base *does more* than stop odor, keep you moisture-free longer! It ends acid-damage to skin and clothes! *50¢* and *$1 plus tax*



TUSSY *cream deodorant*

disc jockey winners

(*Continued from page 20*)

MRS. JOHN MILADIN
Virginia, Minn.

ANN RECLA
West Hazelton, Pa.

DONALD WILLIAMS
Kutztown, Pa.

MRS. ALMA HASHER
Mantua, N. J.

MRS. ADELAIDE BODANI
Baltimore, Maryland

WINNIE BLACK
Conowinga, Maryland

GAY RICE
Cumberland, Maryland

MRS. NORMAN SCAWTHORN
Alexandria, Virginia

MRS. MARTHA HALE
Tampa, Florida

H. L. WALTON
St. Petersburg 5, Florida

CAROLYN AMMONS
Lakeland, Florida

CALVIN J. KLUCK
Milwaukee 10, Wisconsin

LAURENE HENDRICKS
Janesville, Wisconsin

MRS. KATHERINE CIHLAR
Oshkosh, Wisconsin

LLOYD D. ZELLER
Neshkoro, Wisconsin

ROBERT PARKER, JR.
Miami, Florida

MARTHA S. ROBINS
Gainesville, Florida

MRS. DONALD G. RODE
Sanford, Florida

MRS. JORDAN HUMPHREY
Hardwick, Georgia

BETTY GREER
Franklin, Tenn.

LEON HALL
Hartwell, Georgia

SALLY MIZELL
Atlanta, Georgia

JANICE OSIECZONEK
Iron Mountain, Michigan

VIVIAN BLANCHARD
Muskegon, Michigan

MRS. MAC PIFER
Adrian, Michigan

MYRTIA CARTER
Boonville, Indiana

MRS. BERTHA ALEXANDER
Speedway, Indiana

DONALD PAUL
Evansville, Indiana

MRS. ROBERT ROSS
Plainfield, Indiana

MRS. VERNON LUMA
Piqua, Ohio

ALVIN CORIELL
Wheelersburg, Ohio

GEORGE SHEPPARD
Columbus, Ohio

MRS. JOHN W. RODWAY
Manchester, N. H.

MRS. MARGARET FISHER
Waterville, Maine

MARLENE BOLOTIN
Brockton, Mass.

ALBERT BELZ, JR.
Winthrop, Maine

GWENN ROBINSON
Omaha, Nebraska

MARIA MENDOZA
Lincoln, Nebraska

MRS. FLOYD KELLEY
Fort Pierre, South Dakota

DAVID E. LYMAN
Nashville 5, Tenn.

VERGIL W. STEPHENS
Nashville, Tenn.

CAROL BREWER
Lexington, Kentucky

MRS. COLLEEN FOWLER
Lexington, Kentucky

KATHY O'HARA
Cortland, New York

MRS. JOHN COPEY
Auburn, New York

JOHN G. MICHAELS
Rochester 21, New York

ROBERTA BALL
Modesto, California

LEROY LIMBARDO
Berkeley 5, California

BETTY MARCHANT
San Diego, California

MRS. JEAN AZZARELLO
San Jose, California

MRS. M. V. GATTO
Hammond, La.

MR. W. J. COUNCE
New Orleans 18, La.

MRS. FRED CABLER
Natalbany, La.

MRS. HAZEL BENSON
Dorchester 24, Mass.

DIANE McCARTHY
Cambridge, Mass.

MARY ASERMELY
Central Falls, R. I.

STEVE MARKIEWICZ
Worcester 7, Mass.

PAMELA UGRIN
Miles City, Montana

MRS. CHARLES F. YANKE
Colorado Springs, Colo.

BARBARA JEAN SEEMAN
Brush, Colorado

MRS. MYRTLE MONTGOMERY
Denver 18, Colorado

JOY HORTON
Farmington, New Mexico

BETTY ANN JENNINGS
Santa Fe, New Mexico

BOB HOWARD
Globe, Arizona

MRS. VERGIL D. KUNKEL
Tulia, Texas

MRS. ANTHONY LOMBARDY
Cleveland 2, Ohio

MRS. L. R. DILLENDER
Milan, Ohio

ROBERT LOWE
Canton, Ohio

BARBARA RADER
Cleveland 10, Ohio

ANTONIO SOLDEVILLA CORNEJO, SR.
Washington 8, D. C.

MRS. D. W. VENNER, JR.
Richmond, Virginia

LOUISE BERGSTRESSER
Port Royal, Pa.

MRS. CECIL D. SMITH
Charlottesvile, Virginia

MRS. ORVILLE FORD
Mobile, Alabama

MRS. BERNIECE WILSON
Huntsville, Alabama

DON DUKE
Memphis 7, Tenn.

BOBBY WHITE
Fort Payne, Alabama

MRS. JOHN J. O'BRIEN
Cheektowaga 25, New York

MRS.MILDRED WAINMAN
Olean, New York

CONNIE ROKLAND
Lyndonville, New York

PATRICIA CHEST
Jamestown, New York

ROBERT HODGES
Dunn, North Carolina

PATSY WILLIAMSON
Greensboro, N. C.

RUTH ANN ADDISON
Great Falls, South Carolina

MRS. JOYCE SMITH
Virginia Beach, Virginia

BOB CARMINES
Hampton, Virginia

MRS. LORRAINE EDWARDS
Roanoke, Virginia

marlon brando

(*Continued from page 59*) theatre racket, and you've been lucky so far, but surely you know that Brando is the toughest guy in the world to deal with. He's the biggest thing in pictures and theatre and even MGM couldn't make a good boy of him."

"Nonsense," Engle said mildly. "Why, I knew the Brandos years ago when Marlon was just a school boy. His father and I were great friends. I've never met Marlon personally, but coming from a family like that I'd bet my Playhouse he's neither tough nor difficult." And he said to his secretary, "Find out where Marlon Brando is and see if you can get him on the phone."

An hour later the call came through from New York. Engel identified himself and they talked pleasantly about the Brando family for a time. Then Engel said what he had in mind, and asked Marlon if he'd come down for a visit.

"Why, sure," said Marlon enthusiastically. "When?"

A few minutes later Engel hung up. "He'll be here for the opening of *Streetcar Named Desire*. If that's being tough to deal with, I'll buy it!"

Change of plans

But a week or two after that the adviser was back, this time with real trouble in his voice. "I've just heard that Brando and Bankhead are not exactly bosom pals," he said. "At least that's the rumor. Some run-in they had in New York. Anyway, if he shows here when she opens in *Streetcar*, there could be some unpleasantness. And a bad press."

"We wouldn't want that," Engel said judiciously. "Well, only one thing to do."

This time, when he talked to Marlon, he explained simply that there had been a change in plans and it would just be more convenient if Marlon could make it at a later date, say for the Bea Lillie opening. He listened to Marlon's reply, then thanked him and said goodby.

"What'd he say, what'd he say?"

Engel lit a cigarette. "He said 'Okay.'"

"That's all?"

"Isn't that enough?"

It turned out to be. One evening, just at dusk, a rented Cadillac convertible wearing a Palm Beach tag turned into the drive of Engel's fabulous seaside mansion and Marlon hopped out. The butler directed him around the house to the pool, where Engel was waiting.

Engel had intended an informal little get-acquainted chat over drinks before dinner. Once Marlon had sprawled on a pool lounge and started to talk, however. time slipped away before either of them knew it. The butler brought dinner to them, waited, cleared away. They were a curious pair to like one another so much, so quickly. The shrewd, worldly millionaire and the restless, too-talented actor—each wire-tight with energy and curiosity and need for expression, each overwhelmingly successful at his job, each superbly an individual.

They had spent almost two hours discussing Marlon's forthcoming tour of Asia (on his way to the Philippines to make *Teahouse Of The August Moon*) and the good will he might be able to create during the trip, when one of them noticed that it was two-thirty in the morning.

As they strolled up a gravelled, flood lighted walk to a flagstone terrace, Eng suddenly noticed a line of red ants crossin the path. Instinctively he reached out wi his right foot to crush them, only to fin that a large black loafer was there firs blocking him, protecting the ants.

"Please," Marlon said, "don't do that

A moment later, as Engel said good night at the door of Marlon's room, h asked, "Why did you stop me? They're onl ants. They're a big nuisance down here

Marlon shrugged. "I don't know. They' alive, is all. I can't stand seeing any livin thing killed." He flashed the Brando gri pure charm. "See you tomorrow."

During the next thirty-six hours a l of people came in contact with Marlo Brando, in the tiny, rich, shaded com munity of Cocoanut Grove. Press agen and secretaries, ushers and barbers, famou names and names of small importanc I talked to most of them, and I have pu their impressions together. Here is the pic ture as it finally emerged.

Margaret

Margaret, a young, pretty brunette se retary in Engel's employ, was detailed serve Marlon in a business capaci throughout his stay: George, a public re lations man—also young, but by the na ture of his calling intensely more sophist cated than the secretary—was assigned th task of making Marlon happy, as far the press was concerned and otherwis

The secretary approached her new a signment with considerable interest an some trepidation. She'd read a lot of stori about this *enfant terrible* named Brand and although she had survived Talulla she had then at least been dealing wi a member of her own sex, a relative known quantity. Brando was the unknow a handsome and sexy male who was sup posed to eat up little secretaries at th drop of a comma. She knew, also, that th men on the Playhouse staff were eve more skeptical about Marlon.

Margaret decided to wait and see. To b brief, she was first astonished, the charmed, and finally she appears to hav lost her heart to the guy. Brando greete her wearing a spanking new fuzzy oran sports shirt and sky-blue pants, an wanted her opinion. She told him in a honesty that on him they looked good, bu she wouldn't advise the average guy wear them. Too gay, even for the Grov He was pleased. "Don't worry, I've go the right suit for opening night," he sai and then settled down to business.

About thirty wires and cables later, ad dressed to Havana, New York, Chicag Hollywood, the Philippines, and eve Tokyo, he drew breath, stretched, an said, "Oh by the way—in all those me sages where I asked for any favors, woul you please insert the word 'please'? Where ever it fits best."

They went into his schedule for th next twenty-four hours, then, and at th end of the appraisal looked at one anothe appalled. "You'll never make it, Mr Brando," said Margaret.

"We can try," he said. "But just now there's this gal I met the other day. He mother's in the Philippines, somewher along the route I'm going to take ne month. I think it would be nice if I coul

HAVE YOU ENTERED THE LADY ELLEN PRINCESS CONTEST yet? LADY ELLEN in cooperation with MODERN SCREEN is giving a lucky girl a chance for a movie, TV, or stage career. As winner, you'd receive a trip to Hollywood, a $500 wardrobe; and a two year scholarship at the Pasadena Playhouse (or any U.S. Liberal Arts College). To enter, write a letter starting off "My Greatest Wish Is . . ." and in 50 words or less tell us that wish. (If nominating someone else, tell us your greatest wish for her.) For details, purchase a 25 cent card of LADY ELLEN Pin Curls or Klippies containing all the contest rules.

call on the mother and let her know her daughter's doing well here in the States. Only I don't know the old lady's address. Let's phone the girl long distance and find out, hey?"

Margaret looked at the sardines-in-the-can schedule. "It'll take an hour or two."

"Let's call her, okay?"

So Marlon's private business affairs stalled, the telephone line went on "hold," and the *enfant terrible,* the difficult tough guy, the egoistic, unfeeling, insensitive eccentric quietly caught up on his reading until, over an hour later, the call came through. He spent another very expensive forty minutes noting down messages from the girl to her mother.

When George, the press agent, finally got together with Marlon he was prepared for anything. What he got was the Brando grin, a handshake, and easy-going courtesy. Photographs? Why not? The local press? "You know the schedule; if you can fit them in it's fine with me."

George managed to squeeze in two interviews, one for each of Miami's leading papers, and Marlon handled both with unfailing taste and good humor. When one lady reporter, remembering *Guys And Dolls,* asked if he intended to go on vocalizing in movies, he managed a laugh and an engaging answer. "I'll kiss a pig before I do," he said solemnly. "I know when I've had it."

And then George, by now melted and hawed, as pro-Brando as Margaret, said, "If there's anything I can do for you, anything to make your stay more pleasant—"

"Do you know any girls?"

George smiled weakly. "Dozens."

"I mean it might be nice to have a date for the opening tomorrow night. I don't know anybody down here, and I'm odd man in Mr. Engel's party."

George drew breath again. "We'll manage some introductions," he said. "Someone who's a friend of the Engels."

"I thought I'd wear a dark suit and white shirt. That all right? It's just a local crowd, isn't it?"

"Not exactly local. Bea Lillie knows everybody in the world, apparenty—they're coming in from Palm Beach, the Bahamas, Havana, South America. Tennessee Williams and the theatre people will be here, and Walter Winchell, and—"

Marlon closed his eyes, "We'd better forget about the date. I didn't realize. With that crowd, if I show with a girl they'll have me married to her the next morning. It wouldn't hurt me but what about the girl?"

Joe Canudo, the bandleader, met the late Serge Rachmaninoff during a band engagement in Boston. "Mr. Rachmaninoff," he said, "you ought to come and see my outfit. We got a left-handed guitar player who plays your 'Prelude'" . . . Rachmaninoff's curiosity was roused. He came to see Canudo's band, and heard the guitar player do the "Prelude" as a solo . . . "That was fine," Rachmaninoff told him. "But it wasn't my 'Prelude.' He played Chopin's."

Leonard Lyons in The New York Post

"I see what you mean," said George. And he liked the guy even better.

The opening night of *An Evening With Bea Lillie* was just getting off to a brilliant, ermine-and-diamonds start when George Engel arrived with his party.

"My God, that's Marlon Brando," said a bejewelled young lady, and dropped her evening bag in the goldfish pond.

A moment later, Marlon, suited as becomes a smart young man in such company, sat down for awhile with Walter Winchell, dined on a $20 steak in the Playhouse restaurant, and then watched Miss Lillie's enchanting performance.

But before the curtain rose or he could take his seat, an usher came up to him and said, "My niece is in the eighth row. She's only twelve, and you're so important to her. If she could meet you—"

"I'd love it," Marlon said. The girl was brought up the aisle to him, and they talked for a moment in the lounge.

The little girl, well-mannered, said, "I've enjoyed meeting you so much, Mr. Brando."

"Me too," he said—and reached in his pocket, and pulled out a bottle of French perfume, valued conservatively at $125. "I figured I might meet somebody cute tonight, so I brought a present."

And he pressed the fabulous little jewel of perfume into her hand.

Well, except for some rag-tags and bob-ends, that's the portrait of Marlon during his weekend in Florida, off-camera, off-duty, off-scrutiny—so far as he knew. There's a lot more on my desk, but space doesn't permit.

Let's pull the rag-tags together.

In defiance of his reputation as a psychopathic driver who muscles his way through traffic and spews obscenities at other motorists, Marlon, according to all who rode with him in Florida that weekend, drove handily but lawfully, granting the right-of-way, neglecting to run down any little old ladies, and uttering nary an oath.

He was never seen publicly except in the most conservative clothes.

He did not drink.

He did not sneer at anybody, nor upstage anybody, nor talk down to anybody.

Everyone who met him, liked him. Of the dozen(give or take one or two) people I talked with, not one had a word to say against him. And remember, he had no ax to grind. He was not trying.

He was just being Marlon Brando, stranger in town. He can come back any time. **END**

ave you met sal?

(*Continued from page 46*) home the script, was handwritten—and studied it as ough my life depended on it. By that me I was afraid I *couldn't* play the part. nd then a few days later in a religious ook I was studying I saw a picture of rist as a boy. In it He was carrying a aff. I decided I wanted one. The sisters ld me it wasn't necessary to have one the play, but I had become a stickler r realism. I *had* to have a staff. Some- e suggested a sawed-off broomstick. hat an idea! I wouldn't hear of it. By e afternoon of the play I still didn't have staff. We dressed in one of the class oms. When I was ready I walked down e corridor to the rear of the stage en- nce. I felt awful without the staff.

'And then I saw it. It was hanging on wall. A fire hook over a sign 'For ergency Only.' For me, this was a nuine emergency! I took the hook wn, and I tied a blue ribbon from my tume on the top. Very carefully.

Can you picture me walking onto that ge, so happy, with that fire hook?

But the strangest part of all was what pened—or, in a way, what didn't hap- —when the curtains closed at the end. There was no applause. The audience, stly mothers and fathers, just sat there ntly for a moment. Then, one by one, y got up and left. I was disappointed n, but I know now that it was one of most sacred moments of my life. That t will always be my favorite.

Anyway, I couldn't stop thinking of the stage. But I didn't think about acting. I wanted to be a musical star."

He didn't wait long. Because only a couple of months after, fate happened by.

Sal was playing outside the Mineo house in the Bronx with a bunch of kids when he felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up to see a gentleman staring at him. "Son," said the man, "you have *talent!* Take me to your mother!"

And a minute later he was explaining to Mrs. Mineo that her youngest was not only good-looking but possibly a theatrical genius—it was that charm coming through. And he just happened, by sheer coincidence to know of a dancing school that might have room for Sal.

Mrs. Mineo looked at him with considerable disbelief—not that she didn't think her son was extraordinary—and all her other children besides—but she didn't trust him. Sal, on the other hand, gazed at him the way he was accustomed to looking at ice cream sodas. "Ma," he begged, "send me, Ma. Give me lessons, Ma . . . huh?" He kept it up until his mother, unconvinced, accepted the stranger's card and said she'd let him know. He kept it up all afternoon and all evening. His two older brothers, Mike and Victor, lent support, mostly because they knew the family rules—what one kid gets, the others get, too—or the equivalent thereof. Both boys wanted music lessons—they craved clarinets. If Sal got to dance, they'd get to play. And Sarina, the baby of the family, lent her voice, though she hadn't the faintest idea what it was all about, because anything Sal wanted to do was fine by her.

After two weeks of that, Mrs. Mineo gave up and took Sal to the studio. In a way she had been right—the man was not to be trusted. What the studio wanted was to take pictures of Sal and accept large quantities of money from the Mineos. The quality of the lessons they provided was distinctly not their primary concern. But in another way, Sal was right. Because he did have talent. He learned the dances they taught him, and when his footwork slipped a little, no one noticed because he had something better than footwork. He learned to sing a little and he threw himself so completely into a song that his teachers couldn't have told you if he was off-key or not. He had talent and something better—he had drive and love.

Share-the-wealth

So Mike and Victor got their clarinets and even Sarina got in on the share-the-wealth plan and went to dancing school with Sal. There wasn't much wealth to share, but nobody cared. The boys all pitched in and helped. Sal went into the newspaper business at the age of nine.

"I sold papers in the Bronx. My spot was near a subway kiosk and my brother, he was older, warned me never to get on the trains without him. But every afternoon I wanted to get on one and go. I didn't know where. One day my brother, who was a real businessman, refused to let me keep the tips I'd made. I was angry and after I sold my papers the next day I went down, down, down to where the trains were and got on the first one that stopped. I rode for miles, it seemed. Then I got off and followed the crowd up the stairs.

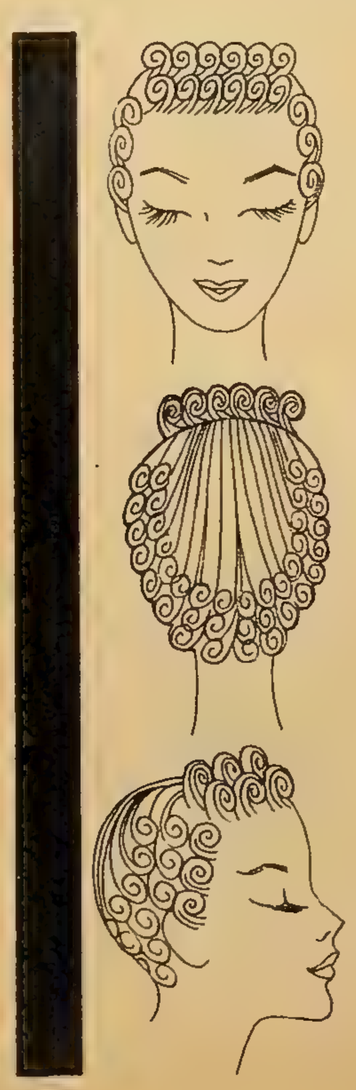
FASHIONS *cont'd from pg. 70*



TRY A SURPRISE PACKAGE!

■ A new summertime no-iron cotton bra-slip that combines a famous Lovable bra, a waist-liner, a garter belt and a slip—all in one. Straps can be locked into position for any neckline style and—it has a fagoted flounce to cut for shortening. About $9. White only. By Lovable. Dangling from the garter—a pair of Shape 2-U Bur-Mil Cameo stretch stockings in a delicious shade, Apricot. The two-piece cotton dress with a fabric-trimmed sweater of Chemstrand Acrilan is by Little Miss English, makers of the Doris Day Sportswear, separates and sweaters.

BEAUTY *cont'd from page 72*



HERE'S HOW . . .

Make two rows of six large upstanding curls across top of head — one row of three large curls on each of the sides.

Make two rows of large curls above and back of ears — three rows of very large curls across the nape of the neck.

View of sides — both are identical. Be sure to comb each hair strand before winding — wind curls in proper direction.

"And all of a sudden I was on Broadway. A million miles of colored neon, ear-splitting whistles and those head-piercing police sirens. I thought the world had gone mad. And I was alone. I was so small people fell over me.

"Then I saw a theatre marquee. You know what I did? I counted the letters to see if my name would fit. Salvatore was too long, so I changed it right then and there, to Sal."

After that, theatre wasn't a drive any more—it was a passion. The Mineos recognized it and they took Sal and Sarina out of the dancing school and put them in a better one. And in that school, a real talent scout found Sal, and signed him to dance on the *Ted Steele Hour.*

The new kids

At this point the Mineos packed up and moved. The boys were growing up in more ways than one, and needed room around the house. They found a three-story house near the Bronx-Whitestone Bridge, rented out the bottom floor and moved into the upper two. What sold them on the house was the empty space next door to it—room for the boys to chase around, away from the city streets. But in making the move, Sal ran into a bit of trouble.

"You see, my father makes coffins! And if you think people in Hollywood look at me funny when I tell them, you should have seen the kids at our new place.

"They wouldn't have anything to do with me. So late one afternoon I thought I'd get on their good side and have some fun. I told them to come over to the back entrance to my father's shop and look in the big coffin just inside the door. I said it would be filled with bags of candy. I got home from school before they arrived. Just as the sun was going down they all sneaked in through the big doorway and two of them lifted the coffin lid.

"What they didn't know was that I had climbed in when I heard them coming.

"Just as the lid was opened I jumped up and hollered 'Boo!' Their eyes almost fell out of their heads! Were they scared! They screamed and as soon as they could unstick themselves from the spots where they had frozen, they dashed out of the door yelling for their mothers, their fathers, anybody! My father came out and in five minutes—which included a paddling—taught me why I should never do that again.

"He made me give each kid candy and I had to pay for it out of my allowance.

"The kids took the candy but they wouldn't take me. I still didn't belong.

"About three months later, though, I made it. One of the gang got a pack of cigarettes and three cigars. They had never smoked before. They all wanted the cigarettes. I followed them behind a billboard. They started to puff and said if I wanted to smoke I'd have to try the cigar. I was ready to do anything to prove I was one of the bunch. They lit the cigarettes and I lit the cigar. In five minutes they were all sick. Me? I was puffing away on the cigar, enjoying every minute of it. After they recovered they elected me vice-president of the club and from that time on I had their respect and admiration and was considered a pretty tough character. I still don't smoke, and I still don't know why I didn't became ill. But I was happy.

"Only it didn't last. The day after I danced on the Ted Steele show, I was out of the gang again. I got the "sissy" routine from them and I wound up in a long and bloody fight with the gang president. We got taken to the principal's office, and he wanted to know why I'd started the battle. So I told him. I had to dance eight bars to prove it!"

He might have gone through the rest of school that way, dancing and fighting, but fate took a hand again—in the form of still a third scout. This one saw him on the Ted Steele show and asked him to audition for *The Rose Tattoo,* which was getting ready for Broadway. It wasn't a big part—he had to chase the goat across the stage and holler—but it was Broadway. And it entitled him to the Professional Children's School in Manhattan.

After that, the passion became an obsession and there was no holding him back. TV offers poured in and it broke his heart when he was too busy to accept them. He played summer stock and read every play he could get his hands on, and then Rodgers and Hammerstein called him and asked if he were interested in reading for the part of the Crown Prince in their new show—*The King And I.*

"I had to sing at the audition and I was very much off key. Anyway, they said I was too small to play the Crown Prince, but let me understudy the Prince role. A year later the original Prince grew too tall and by then I was just right.

"But one night before that I had to take the part of one of the King's young sons. The original boy who played the role was sick and he was smaller than I was. But I got into his costume. It was so tight on me I could scarcely breathe. At one point in the play I had to bend over. As I did my belt broke clean and fell to the floor and the velvet pants split straight down the rear. And at the very moment I was forced into a dance, a ring-around-the-rosy thing, with the other children. I was right in mid-stage when the pants dropped down to my ankles. The audience was hysterical at the craziest colored pair of shorts a prince ever wore.

"Gertrude Lawrence got me out of my misery. She ad-libbed, patted me gently and shooed me off the stage."

The director forgave him. Sal spent another year with the show, playing the Crown Prince, and then got his first movie —*Six Bridges To Cross.* Fate again, but this time dressed as his brother Mike.

Hollywood

By now, you see, the rest of the family had been bitten by the acting bug. Mike was the only one really interested in going into it professionally, so Mrs. Mineo placed his photo in an actors' directory. There it was seen by the casting director of *Six Bridges,* who needed someone to play Jeff Chandler as a boy.

This time it was Sal's turn to play escort and waiter-for, so he took Mike to the audition hall. Once there, he was invited to read for the part. "Though, of course," the director said, "you don't look anything like Chandler. But read."

So he read. A week or so later Chandler dropped out of the cast and Tony Curtis was signed to replace him. And who looks like Tony Curtis as a boy? Sal does.

"All my scenes were shot in Boston. Two months later I was called to the West Coast to do some retakes. That's when I got a part in *The Private War Of Major Benson.* Then *Rebel.*"

When Sal auditioned for *Rebel Without A Cause* it didn't look as though he had a prayer of getting it. "Frankly," director Nick Ray told him before he read a line, "you're not at all the kind of boy I have in mind. As long as you're here, read—but don't get your hopes up."

Sal had heard that before. So he read.

"Sorry," the director said, "I still don't think you're right for it."

Sal took it as (*Continued on page 82*)



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(*Continued from page 80*) gracefully as he could, chalked it up to experience and told himself there were other parts he could try for. But he couldn't lose the feeling of wanting to play Plato.

And oddly enough, Nick Ray couldn't get him out of his mind. A week later he called him into his office.

"Mr. Ray had a deep frown on his face when I walked in. He was very serious. Finally, after looking at me for a few minutes he said, 'Sal, every once in a while a director has to gamble. I'm going to take a chance. You're Plato.'

"I didn't know what to say. I guess I worked harder at playing Plato than at anything, not so much for myself, but to keep faith with Mr. Ray."

And the ways and means of playing it weren't always very conventional. Take those scenes in which Plato looks at Jim Stark with such complete love and longing in his eyes that you know—just know—that having this boy's friendship is the most important thing in the world to Plato. Somehow, Sal couldn't get those scenes right—the desperation wasn't there.

Ray stepped in. "Sal," he said, "stop trying to 'be' Plato, and be yourself. Now, think. Is there anything in the world you want as much as Plato wanted a friend?"

Sal thought for a minute. Then his eyes lit up. "My driver's license!" he said, being still a few weeks too young for that.

"Fine," said Ray. "Now look at Jimmy as if he were your driver's license!"

And the result was an Oscar nomination.

The result of *that* is parts in *Giant, Somebody Up There Likes Me,* and probably in *The Old Man And The Sea.*

So life is moving swimmingly for the third son of the Bronx casket-maker. School is rough, but not too rough, on the MGM lot. "Know where I live when I'm here in Hollywood? In my teacher's house! It still doesn't help me with my marks. But I graduate in June! Hot dog!"

And romance?

"I've had crushes on a couple of girls and didn't get crushed back. But love? I love my parents. I don't think I've been in the kind of love people talk about.

"I had another love happen to me, however. You know how most boys are with kid sisters. For a long time I considered my sister a pest, a nuisance. She was a bother to me. I had to watch out for her on the street, feed her, all the chores.

"One day I came home from school and found the house empty. There was a note for me to go to the hospital about a half-mile from our house. I ran all the way.

"When I arrived I went up to the children's ward. And there on a bed, with my family standing around and fear on all their faces, was the little figure of my sister, Sarina. My mother told me Sarina had polio. And in that instant I think I hated myself for every moment I had not loved her and protected her.

"Two days later, a little girl in the bed next to my sister, with exactly the same type of polio, died. Then I found out what real fear was, fright that is so bad you can't think straight. I used to fall asleep praying for Sarina.

"She recovered. She's been well ever since. Boy, I'll never forget that."

And as for Hollywood, when he thinks about it, Sal's big eyes grow wider.

"All this," he says, "is a dream I dreamed when I was a kid. I know I'm still a kid.

"Now I've got to learn to keep my head."

But nobody's worried. He's kept it for seventeen hectic, exciting years. He's likely to keep it for seventy more. **END**

wedding belles

(*Continued from page 56*) (or at least she approaches her marriage with such upright and righteous intention) and a bride should look like a bride and live up that day for all it is worth. I don't mean she should throw caution and money to the winds and buy the most expensive thing she can find—although it isn't a bad idea at all if she can afford it. If she *can't* afford it, such extravagance isn't necessary at all. Rather, the most important point about any girl's wedding gown is good taste. To begin with, the wedding ceremony is a religious one, and no bride should ever lose sight of the fact. A wedding, even if it takes place in a private home, is a solemn affair of a pious nature and should never be viewed as a fashion show. Because of this, good taste is enormously important. The aim should always be simplicity rather than glamour or expense, and once that is understood the ideas should evolve around the bride's own personality and, of course, figure.

Before I get into the matter of the ensemble fitting the personality, I think I should list a few cardinal rules that ought to be observed. Because of the religious aspect I would strongly recommend a normal or high neckline. Low-cut wedding gowns, to me, are in extremely bad taste. Sleeves should be preferably long, and if not, long kid gloves should be worn—at a formal wedding. As for make-up, it depends on whether the bride will tend to flush or pale under nervous tension, but whatever the verdict cosmetics should be used as lightly as possible. Jewelry should be kept at a minimum; perhaps diamond earrings, or a strand of pearls and pearl earrings. Good taste in clothes is a matter of elimination. At my final fittings we put on all the jewelry and then take it off piece by piece, stopping when the effect is right. The important thing is to keep it simple, almost unnoticeable. The same goes for nail polish. which should be very light, and for shoes, which should be particularly unobtrusive. If a girl can wear a closed heel and toe pump comfortably, that is ideal; I think that footwise a sling pump is as far as a bride can go. And the shoes, of course, should match the gown. But whatever they are, keep them quiet. Producer Arthur Freed said to me once, "If the audience looks at the shoes, we're dead." And he's so right. I believe that some day our shoes will all be made in skin color. On the subject of trains, I personally like them. I feel a train adds a great deal to the elegance (*simple* elegance) and money permitting, elegance is wonderful at a wedding.

Grace's Gown

Because I favor elegance so, I particularly enjoyed designing Grace Kelly's gown. It's not often that you have a bride with Grace's carriage and regal air. She is also tall and extremely slender and these facts, in addition to the nature of her wedding, pointed quite clearly to a theme of elegance. Even her shoes, custom made of rose point lace, followed the pattern. I remember visiting the palace at Versailles some years ago and looking at the lovely satins and brocades and thinking that these things were lost to the world. But Grace's wedding, I think, recaptured some of the old romance and fairy-tale quality for the world. It was sheer pleasure to design her wedding gown, for in Grace I had a natural subject. She was born to it.

On the other hand, few women could wear such a gown, and that is where taste becomes so important. Some cannot wear sheaths, some cannot wear bouffant skirts, some can- (*Continued on page 84*)

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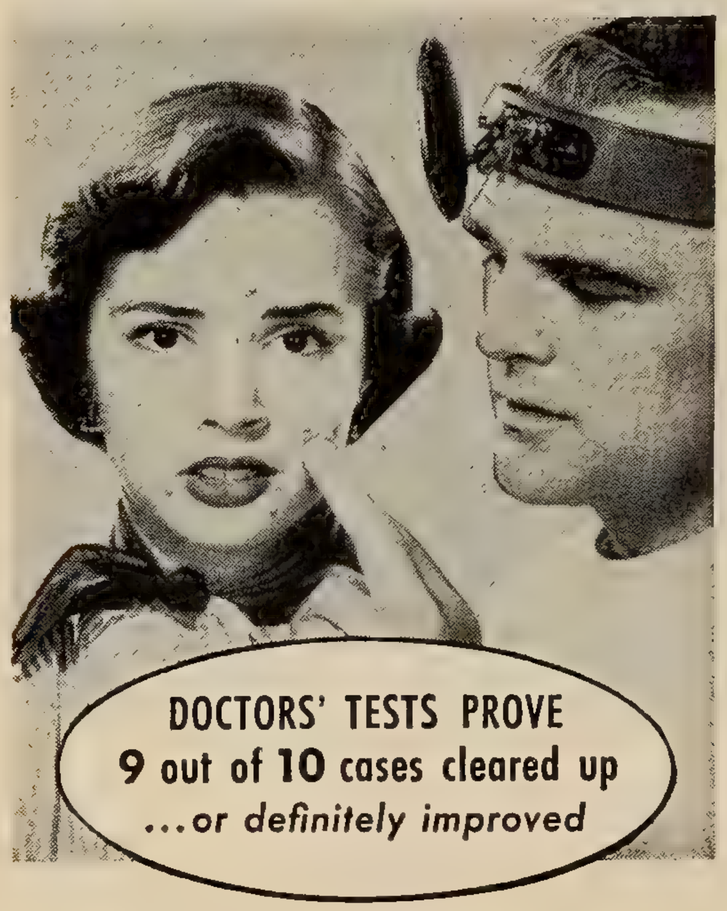
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(*Continued from page 82*) not wear a silhouette. Pier Angeli is tiny, and for her I designed a Juliet dress of chiffon and real lace. It was perfect for her, but here again, few girls could have worn it.

Wedding pictures

Similarly, it is my job to fit the dress to the character in a film—and I get a lot of practice, for it seems to me MGM never makes a picture that doesn't include a wedding. Esther Williams, for instance, had a wedding in one of her pictures, and her role was that of a very rich and very sophisticated girl. For the character, and utilizing the fact that Esther is tall and has a splendid figure, I designed a pink lace and souffle gown with a veil to match, and had Esther carry a pink mink muff. This was spectacular, and fine for the movie, but I doubt if I'd ever recommend the same outfit for a real life wedding. You'd certainly term this kind of thing as elegant, but simplicity went out of the window, and to attain good taste in any kind of clothes, simplicity is the outstanding cue.

I might mention here that such an ensemble was only possible because Esther is tall. Tall girls can afford to be a little extreme. To sum up, a bride must choose a gown that fits both her figure and her personality.

There is another thing to bear in mind, and that is comfort. In a way it goes along with the personality, for no girl who likes tailored clothes is comfortable, or looks well, in ruffles. This of course applies to all types of clothes.

Along these lines I'd like to mention something I think many brides forget. No matter who she is, celebrity or no, she is going to be photographed in her wedding gown. It may be a newspaper photographer, or a professional from Main Street, or the bride's brother with a box camera. But she will be photographed and it will very likely be a picture that she will keep all her life. If she is comfortable and well fitted and has not overdone anything, she will look well. But the minute there is too much gingerbread, if simplicity has been bypassed, the picture will lose its value. One brief but very good rule to remember is that at no time should the clothes overshadow the person. If a dress walks in a room first, and then you see the wearer, that lady is lost.

I said earlier that great expense is not necessary to achieve good taste. At any time of the year, but especially in summer (and more especially for garden weddings), you can get a very inexpensive dress, perhaps a pastel, that with the addition of a veil and corsage will look like a wedding dress.

To buy or to make

There is no rule that says you must buy a wedding gown in a store. Those who do sometimes find that the gowns they really want are incredibly expensive, and the ones they can afford tend to be of inexpensive materials. I have also seen pictures in newspapers of big, social weddings, in which the bride is shockingly ill-fitted. If you know of a good dressmaker, by all means utilize her talents. If I had $50 to spend on a dress I'd use $10 for the fabric and $40 for the workmanship. That's the important thing in any dress. My sketches for the stars, for instance, take comparatively little time, but it is the workroom that counts toward the final product. The wedding gowns of both Grace Kelly and Pier Angeli do not have a single seam in them —that's workmanship.

Here at the studio we have the best craftsmen available and our choice of the loveliest fabrics in the world. A work ing girl who will be a June bride, how ever, can proceed on the same basi Choose a style that suits you, use a rea sonably priced fabric, turn it over to fine seamstress, and you will have a reall lovely gown.

Personally, I'm never too excited abo satin, particularly in summer, perha because I tend to think about the oth lovely materials that are just as prope I particularly dislike a dead white sati and if a bride wants it I try to steer h into ivory or a pinkish-white satin.

There are many other materials th are less expensive and just as lovely. summer bride could wear organdy, co ton, silk, or a sheer, a lace, or taffet perhaps in a suit with a full skirt. The fabrics offer unlimited possibilities f converting the gown into a dress that ca be worn later. This point should be prime concern to a girl who wants look like a bride with a capital B, yet able to use the dress more than onc Arlene Dahl's wedding gown is a fi example. She wore a street length sat sheath and over it, a lace redingote. T dress was later converted into a cockta dress and the redingote was worn ov a variety of gowns.

White or color?

If a bride chooses white for her gow and wants to wear it later, the dress a most invariably must be dyed, and oft shrinks during the process. On the su ject of white, I would emphasize that certainly isn't necessary for a bride wear it. As far as research can dete mine, it does not denote chastity in modern wedding. Chinese brides we bright red. European peasants wear t gayest colors they can find. Legend h it that white was set as a fashion by Ma Louise, second wife of Napoleon, wh she married the Emperor in a stunni gown of dead white. It would see pointless to adhere to a fashion set so lo ago, particularly when in our own Ame ican history, back in Colonial times, the was a raging fad for pastels. I thi colors are most attractive, and the choi of pale pink, pale blue or yellow gives girl an opportunity to select a hue th definitely becomes her. Just don't please—ever wear black. Or any rea bright color. The theme of a bride femininity and to my mind at least, past are ideal for the theme.

People have asked me about the use a family gown, one that has been in t family for a generation or more. I thin if it's a beautiful piece of material it m very well be worn. On the other han you should watch for incongruity. girl, certainly, would want to marry t day in a gown worn by her mother du ing the unflattering 20's. Similarly, once saw a news picture of a very soc bride who wore a turn-of-the-centu gown with huge leg of mutton sleeves. looked just plain dowdy. A little imag nation and fixing could have made a c dress of it. So if there's a treasured dress tucked away in a trunk, look fi at the fabric, then at the style. If t first is good, the second can be altered fit the times. And don't be swayed grandmother's tears. It's *your* weddin

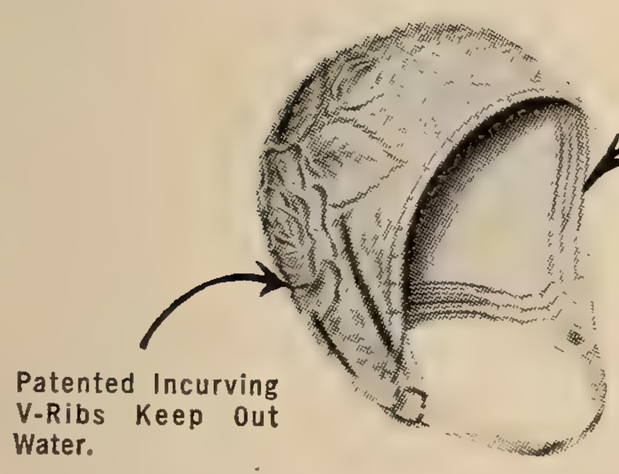
Second weddings

Once more I bring in my person taste—it happens that I don't care f suits at a wedding, again because I alwa look for femininity in a bride. Howev a suit often solves a problem, such as Taylor's second wedding which took pla in England. I knew she would be mobb and consequently had to wear somethi practical and com- (*Continued on page 8*

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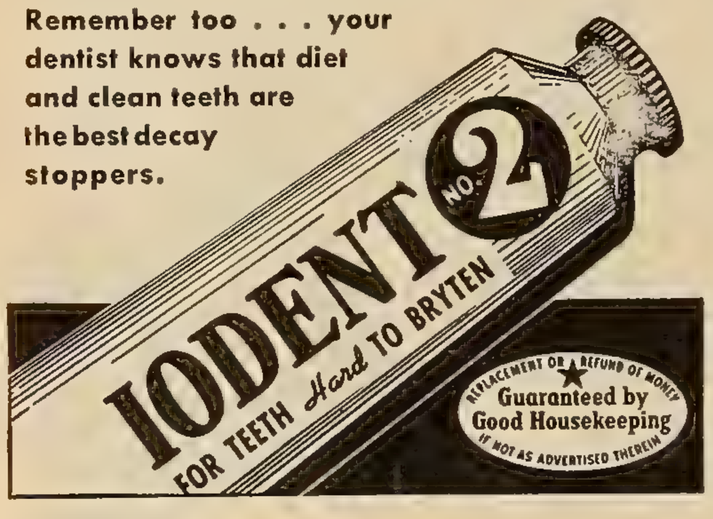
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(Cont'd from pg. 72)

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Richard Hudnut End Curl
Silver Curl (for grey or white hair)

(*Continued from page 84*) fortable. When she asked me to design something I made up a simple gray suit of sheer wool, with a full skirt and a hand-done white organdy collar. With it she wore a hat of lilies of the valley, and the outfit was not only in perfect taste for a second wedding, but practical for the occasion and feminine at the same time. Her shoes were high heeled gray pumps, the shade of her bag.

Suits are a good answer for a second wedding, yet not the only choice. A formal gown is definitely out, but a cocktail dress could be worn, or at the most, a semi-formal gown. Whatever the choice, the look of the blushing bride should be tempered and minimized, and if a suit *must* be worn, let it be feminine in both style and fabric.

Jane Powell, for example, wore a formal gown of white taffeta and lace at her first wedding, and for her marriage to Pat Nerney she wanted to wear a suit. I didn't feel it was right for her and after discussing it we decided on a simple chiffon dress in pale blue, and Jane looked lovely in it. She adores blue—maybe because it's her most becoming color. When we were working on *Nancy Goes To Rio,* I'd included all the other colors so becoming to her blonde hair and tanned skin—pink, yellow, gray, lavender, cocoa and white. Nothing was said about blue. She had been fitted to all the dresses and was ready to put on her street clothes and her smile had faded a little. So I brought out the blue dress. The light went on in Janie's eyes. The dress was a simple gingham with embroidered organdy but to Janie it was "The" dress of the picture.

Celeste Holm, for an informal wedding in *The Tender Trap,* wore a gray silk suit and carried a white flower muff. The white muff, as with Liz's white organdy collar, femininized the appearance and took away the tailored look. In *High Society* Grace Kelly had a second wedding, a summer garden ceremony, for which I designed a pink organdy dress with a large hat. We didn't want her to carry a bouquet so I tucked a sprig of fresh blossoms in the belt, and she wore short kid gloves.

On the subject of large hats, incidentally (and this goes for everyday clothes as well as weddings), consider your hair. I have seen so many women wear large hats over untidy hair. If you want a big hat your hair should be sleek and coiffed. And if you have a lot of hair, forget the big hats and wear a very simple one or a decoration in the hair.

I have been asked, too, in these days when brides are of all ages, how to tackle the problem of the 30- to 40-year-old woman who is marrying for the first time. She certainly doesn't want to appear kittenish by wearing a gown designed for a younger bride, but if the woman in question has good sense I don't think there's any need for concern. Beauty and glamour have nothing to do with age. You can't remain young, but you *can* remain youthful. It's in your own thinking—if you think dowdy and/or old, you look dowdy and/or old. There's a difference between getting old and maturity, and maturity is as attractive as youth, in many cases more so. While an older bride wouldn't be young and blushing, she could very well be stately and sedate. I think that a woman of fifty can be married for the first time—yes, even in white—and if she uses good taste, can be a most beautiful bride.

Cloak and dagger

Another question often asked me, even by people in this industry, is why, when I design a gown for a star, a great deal of secrecy is involved. Photographs of my sketches are not released to the press until the day of the wedding. I suppose to others all this cloak and dagger routine seems senseless, but there is a very good reason, which I learned the hard way. One of the first brides here at the studio for whom I designed a wedding gown knows only too well. The sketches were released a couple of weeks before her wedding and four days before the big day, the store windows in New York featured the same wedding gown, for $39.50. Not the same materials or workmanship, of course, but the same style. We had to be particularly careful with Grace's gown. Think what manufacturers could have done had they got their hands on that one before the wedding! That dress, as well as the one designed for the civil ceremony, was shipped in an aluminum crate, and from the way we worked around here you'd have thought the FBI and the Monacan police force were on the case.

The unexpected bridal gown

Not long ago, we made a gown for a bride without even knowing it. For Debbie Reynolds' engagement party I made her a pale blue lace dress and she loved it. "If I ever get married informally I'd love a dress like this in white," she said. Then came *The Tender Trap* and for the epilogue of the picture Debbie said she'd like to have a white lace dress. It wasn't exactly what the scene called for, but Debbie's such a wonderful girl and so cooperative that I talked it over with the producer and he said he supposed it wouldn't matter. So I made a white lace cocktail length dress with a pale blue sash. When the picture was finished Debbie got permission to take some of the clothes with her to New York for a personal appearance in connection with *The Tender Trap.* She didn't, however, take the white dress. As you all remember, the wedding plans were made quickly. On Thursday, September 22nd, Mrs. Reynolds received a call from Debbie who was visiting Eddie in New York City. "Come right out," said Debbie, "and call Jeanette (Jeanette Johnson, her friend from California) and tell her to bring her maid of honor dress. And get me something to wear, Mom. Bring me my white dress that Helen designed for *The Tender Trap.*" The dress, by the way, was a street-length white lace frock with a scalloped hem and cap sleeves and a white velvet trim, and a blue sash for which she substituted a white one. The Reynolds, Jeanette and Debbie's brother Bill left California on Friday and upon arriving in New York City, headed for Grossinger's where the wedding was held.

The day after she was married someone came into my office and grinned at me. "Well," he said, "that was *one* bride you missed!"

I shook my head, "Uh-uh. She wore the dress from *Tender Trap.* She just took off the blue sash and bought a veil."

So it seems I'm batting .300 in the wedding gown league. I don't know who'll be coming to me next, wearing the slightly nervous smile that tells me another wedding's about to be announced, but whoever it is I'll be happy to take out a sketchpad again. It is deeply interesting to help a youngster find her clothes sense and help her develop it as she grows up, and to me the wedding gown is the culmination of the whole process. I have only one rule: I'm delighted to do the first, glad to do the second, but if a girl is thinking of a third marriage, she can take what I've taught her and buy the gown somewhere else. I'm all for No. 1, happy and understanding about No. 2, but I'm too much of a romanticist for No. 3. **END**

his world of love

(*Continued from page 45*) Unaware, he walked in with his date. Unaware, he glanced at the dais—and there, unbelievably, she stood. Instead of singing with Coogie, she had a band of her own. Instead of the white sheath, her gown glittered with sequins. But the eyes and the smile, the grace and the dignity remained exactly as he'd remembered them. "Well, well, well," he said to himself, while his heart stirred with a strange perception of fate. For that was the moment when Rory took his resolve. "I must get to know her. If I've made a mistake, I'll clear out. If she's what I think, this is it."

The campaign

He plotted his early campaign along simple lines. Every night for six weeks—including New Year's Eve—he went to Le Pavillon, always with a girl. Over her head as they danced he watched Isabelita.

She could hardly help being conscious of him. Night after night he towered above the crowd—with the curly black hair and the widow's peak, with the eyes whose color had earned him the nickname of Smoky, with the lashes no man had a right to. ("They're to keep the dust out," he assured her later.) She noted and liked his attentiveness to the girls he'd escorted. She noted, too, that the smoke-blue eyes were frequently turned on her, yet never in any discourtesy to his guest. "He's not flirting exactly," she decided. "Just trying to be charming." Possibly in acknowledgment of this feat, she once said, "Good evening," striking Rory dumb. If he made any response, which he doubts, it must have sounded something like buh-buh-buh.

From Le Pavillon she moved to the Mocambo. Rory moved with her. Again taking a girl. For the first week. But at length dawned a day when Calhoun addressed himself sternly. "You're twenty-six, brother. Stand or fall on your own."

That night he went to the Mocambo solo. But not without a friend at court. Johnny, one of the waiters, alert and romantic, had allied himself to the cause of young love. With no wastage of words between them, Rory knew it. "Give me a table near the bandstand, Johnny. So she has to pass me."

Greg Bautzer, with the same idea, was there ahead of him. His table was closer to the bandstand—an advantage Rory took philosphically. Nice guy, Bautzer—a guy who showed excellent taste. Rory countered by ordering a magnum of champagne. As far as he was concerned, you could take all the champagne in France and dump it into the Seine. But it looked festive. It gave his table a flourish.

Lita's rumba band alternated with Eddie Oliver's American band. Her turn over, she stepped down and walked by Bautzer's table. "Hello, Isa—" (pronounced Eessa in the Spanish way).

"Good evening, Mr. Bautzer—," and on she went—toward the widow's peak and the black hair and the lashes.

Johnny Cupid, hovering unobtrusively, stepped forward. "Isa. I'd like you to meet Rory Calhoun."

He was on his feet. "Won't you sit down?"

"I don't sit with the customers."

"Please? Just for a minute?"

She'd never broken her rule. In her own words: "I never let myself fall for something I didn't know was going to be mine." But at close range she found the blue eyes oddly—and if the truth be told—sweetly disturbing. Almost against her will she heard herself say: "Well, for a minute."

He seated her. He seated himself. He said: "Will you have some champagne?"

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"I don't drink."

"Neither do I. But here it is. We've got to do something with it."

He poured a glass for each. In courtesy, she took a sip. Soon they were chatting away. But it wasn't a twosome for long. Refusing to be left stranded, Bautzer turned from his table and chatted with them. His stint done, Eddie Oliver spotted the champagne and hied himself over. Lita rose to rejoin her band. "Please come back," begged Rory. And she did. Meanwhile, between them, Bautzer and Oliver polished off the magnum. "If I'd known," grinned their host, "I'd have ordered a gallon of milk."

The evening wore on. The crowd thinned out. Helpful Johnny kept asking Bautzer if he'd like his check now. Either sleepy or discouraged or both, Mr. B. departed—and Lita fractured another of her rules. She danced with Rory, rationalizing her singular conduct to herself. "After all, we're not really strangers. Our eyes have met so often across a smoke-filled room. And he's not a wolf. I can tell from the way he talks. And I've watched him dance with all those other girls, so I just want to see how it feels to dance with him."

Into the midst of this logic Rory plopped a question. "How do you get home?"

"My brother calls for me."

"Couldn't you tell him not to? And let *me* take you home?"

What excuses she conjured up to topple precedent again, Lita no longer remembers. Suffice it that Rory drove her home in his brand-new Studebaker. But not straight home. They paused at half a dozen drive-ins. For hamburgers. For pie à la mode. For coffee and more coffee and another cup of coffee. He was the hungriest kid she'd ever met up with—and the gayest. Neither a caldron of coffee nor one glass of champagne could account for the fact that every so often he'd stick his head through the window and give out with the Woody-Wood-pecker hoot. "Oh-ah-hah-haaaah!"

One kiss??

Having scored on all fronts that evening, Rory lost on the last. Once parked in the driveway, Lita's movements were brisk and unmistakable. Out of the car she hopped and up the porch steps, unlocked the door, went in, pulled it half shut and spoke through the aperture. "Good night and thank you."

"Good night and thank *you,*" said the mannerly Mr. Calhoun.

She closed the door and leaned against it for a moment. Here was a boy she wanted to see again. If you want to see him again, you don't make it too easy. You don't let him kiss you first thing . . .

For a month she neither saw nor heard from him, which left her with mixed feelings. Disappointment. "Such an eager beaver all those weeks. Now not even a call." Uncertainty. "Maybe I should have *let* him kiss me." Indignant resolve. "They *told* me about actors. Just forget him, Lita."

What she couldn't know, since he hadn't informed her, was that Rory had started working next day. When he worked, he didn't date. That, however, was only half the story. Still mapping his strategy, it occurred to him that a touch of caginess at this point might do him no harm. His job done and his wages paid, he phoned her one day. "This is me," he announced.

"Who is me?"

"Rory Calhoun."

"Oh—"

"I've been on a picture."

"Out of town?"

"Yes. But I've come in every night."

"You could have called me."

"I could have," he conceded. Pause. "When's your night off?"

"Monday."

"Will you have dinner with me?"

As punishment, she should have turned him down. Or anyway, played hard to get. But she felt not the faintest inclination to punish either him or herself. "All right."

"I'll pick you up at 6."

He was there at five of. Mama Castro fed him coffee till Lita finally appeared at 7:30. That's according to Rory. According to Lita, he exaggerates. Whatever the hour, he started driving up the coast. And drove and drove. "Are you kidnaping me?" she demanded. "Where *is* this dinner?"

"At the Colonial House."

Since the Colonial House sits fifty miles from Hollywood, they arrived hungry. The dinner was fine. Only over-social. Three wandering violinists who'd once played with Lita's band hung around all evening. To compensate, Rory took the long road home. This time she invited him in. "Progress," he thought happily — and entered to find himself facing a panel of sorts. There stood the whole family, lined up and waiting. Papa acted as spokesman. Bred in the patriarchal tradition, he sounded rugged. "How come you bring my daughter home so late?"

Rory's heart sank. He wanted Pop to like him. If things turned out right, Pop might be his father-in-law. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't realize the time. We went to Oxnard for dinner."

"*Ox*nard?!!" roared Pop, as one might roar Outer Mongolia!

"I brought her home late," said Rory, "but I brought her home safe."

His sincerity was patent. Pop allowed himself to be appeased. The family evaporated and Lita produced some Tony Martin records. Rory noted that they'd been autographed to her, which made him feel not so hot. They listened to the records, after which Lita rose. "I must go to bed now. Good night." Again a dry run. No kiss. No nothing.

It came after an evening of dancing. He'd seen her home. "Let me kiss you good night," he whispered. She slipped into his arms and stayed there a good ten minutes. It was worth waiting for.

A new world

They began going out together. He borrowed Guy Madison's jeep and took her on picnics. Busy all her young life with singing and dancing lessons, she found his woodland world fresh and enchanting. He taught her how to be quiet in the forest, so they could watch the deer come down to drink. He taught her how to use the bow.

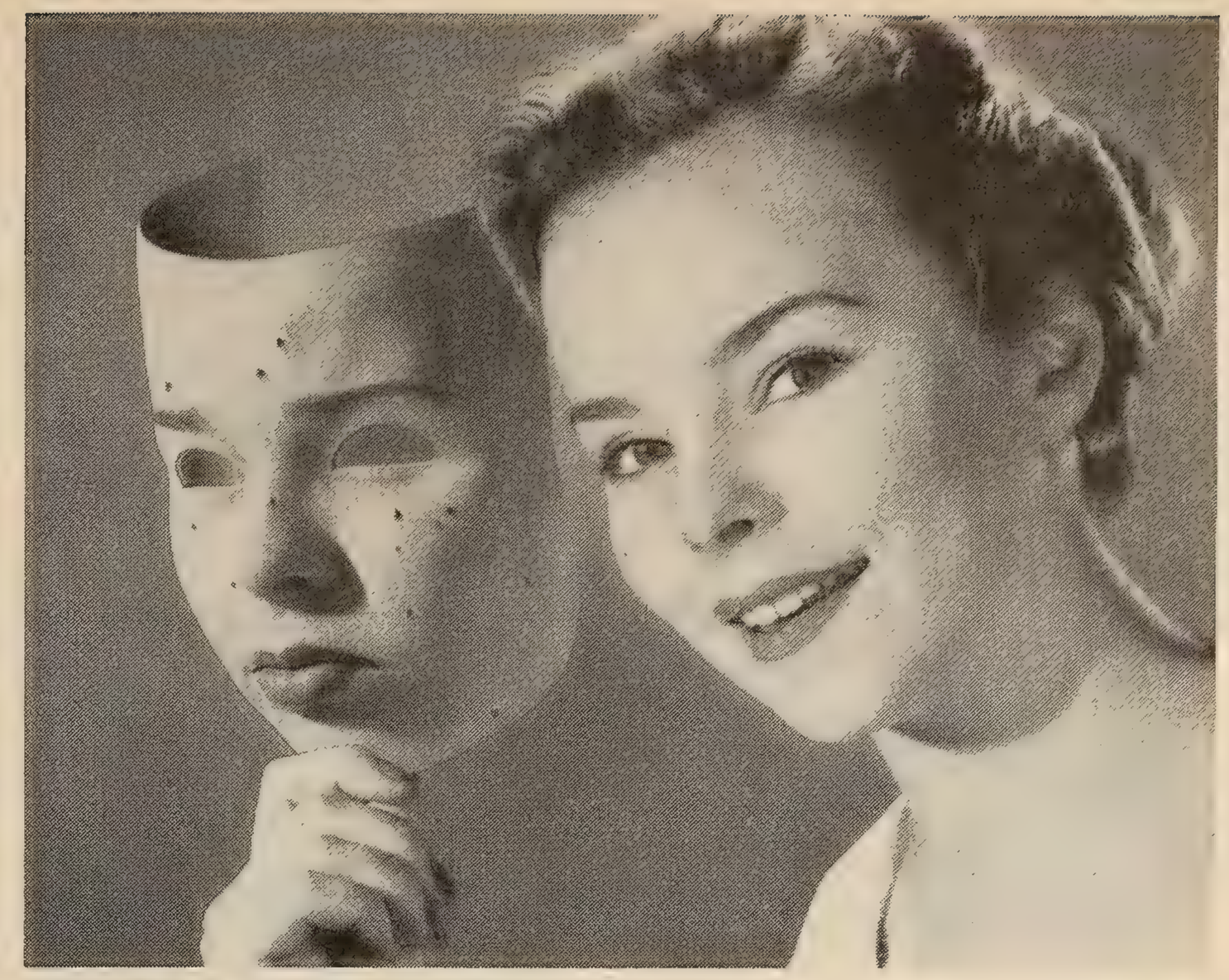
"But not to kill," said Lita.

"A sportsman," he explained, "never kills what he can't eat."

"I know. Still I cannot bear to kill and I will not."

He learned she was all he'd dreamed and more. Little by little out came the story of his boyhood—the thefts, the prison record. "Sure, sure," she laughed at first, convinced he was kidding, since kidding is as native to Rory as the breath he draws. Nor could she reconcile the bizarre tale with the man she knew him to be. But Rory didn't laugh. Rory, she finally realized, was telling the sober truth. It was then that he plumbed the depths of her compassionate understanding. Her heart yearned toward the boy who'd paid and maybe overpaid for his mistakes. Through suffering he'd grown into strength and bedrock honesty. Except for its pain and its lesson, the past was past. He'd absorbed the lesson. She wanted to make up to him for the pain.

The months moved into August, and Lita faced a dilemma. Professional commitments awaited her in the east. Deeply in love now, Rory meant more to her



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than her career. That he was in love, too, she could hardly doubt. Yet he left the big question unasked. What ailed the man? Didn't he know she must either keep or cancel those eastern engagements?

All right, it was Leap Year. In Leap Year a girl has the right to nudge. Lita's not an aggresive type. Nudging came hard, but as they drove home one night, she made it. In a small voice. "Where," she inquired, "is all this leading to?"

He parked the car carefully like a piece of glass. His big hands swallowed hers. "It's all leading to matrimony," he said gently. "I'd like you to marry me, Lita. If you'll have me."

"When?"

"Soon."

On proposal night you ought to feel rapturous. Lita's rapture was alloyed. Her problem remained unsolved. *Soon* can mean anything—next week, next month, next year. *Soon* can leave you up in the air, especially with fifteen singing dates to meet. Parting on that indefinite *soon*, Lita felt a little lost, a little woebegone. Sadness tinged her voice when Rory called back to tell her good night again. "Darling," he said, "we both have birthdays in August. How about August? On the 29th?"

"Darling, the 29th will be lovely," she lilted, all sorrow gone.

A blue-jeans-leather-jacket fellow told me that Whistler's Mother had a son, and one day he came home from school and found her on the floor. The boy looked at her and said: "What's with it, Ma—you're off your rocker, or something?"

Sidney Skolsky in The New York Post

She canceled her dates. They arranged for the blood tests, the license, the church in Santa Barbara. But Rory had one more river to cross. "You'll have to talk to my father," said Lita.

"What for? I'm not marrying *him*."

"It's an old Spanish custom," Pete explained. Lita's brother was their confidant. "The old man," he continued, "figures the whole bit. You wine him, you dine him, you ask for his daughter's hand in marriage."

"I don't want to talk to him. *You* talk to him."

Pete obliged by preparing the ground and reported back. "He still thinks you should ask him."

Formality isn't up Rory's alley. Moreover, he was scared. When he's scared, he takes the bull by the horns. Instead of asking Pop, he told him, making sure that Pete was around for moral support. "Lita and I are getting married in Santa Barbara Sunday. I thought you'd like to know in case you want to be there."

"Hm," said Pop. "Don't you think you should wait a while?"

This was Pete's cue and he picked it up nobly. "What for? They're in love. Why waste good time? It's next Sunday and that's it. Come on, let's go."

Against two such stalwarts Pop didn't stand a chance. Shrugging one of those all expressive Latin shrugs, he threw in the towel. "Okay. Let's go."

To seal their troth, Rory gave Lita a heavy gold-link bracelet with a heart-shaped medallion, whose inscription read: "May we live as long as we love and love as long as we live." She gave him a watch inscribed: "Yours forever. Isabelita. August 29, 1948." Only their families attended the ceremony at All Saints Episcopal Church. Rory's mother, dad and two cousins. Lita's parents, two sisters, two brothers. She wore a blue-gray sheath with an overskirt of gossamer Chantilly lace, and a Juliet cap. He was nervous, his bride having shown up a half hour late. Nervousness makes him loud. In the quiet church, his response boomed. Lita's voice you could barely hear. They exchanged matching gold bands, plain and very wide.

"I didn't want there to be any mistake," says Rory. "I wanted a ring that looked like a wedding ring."

For a while after the honeymoon they lived in Rory's bachelor apartment, then moved to Ojai by grace of Lita's folks. It happened this way. Rory's grandfather had died intestate, leaving a ten-acre ranch which the grandson craved. But he hadn't the wherewithal to acquire it. Mom and Pop Castro put their heads together and came up with an answer. For love of Rory, they'd buy his grandfather's ranch. "If you and Lita will move in with us," they said—

To a gesture so warm and spontaneous, what can a man do but give thanks? For two years they made their home with the Castros—till, twenty miles over the mountain, they bought Rocking Star Ranch for themselves. When work called Rory to town, they stayed at hotels—which proved expensive. "In the end," said Lita, "a house would be cheaper."

"A house," said Rory, "would take all our capital. Let's wait."

Waiting, she nevertheless kept her eyes peeled. One day they lighted on a little jewel in Beverly, early American ranch style, for sale by the owner. After dinner that night she suggested a drive, steered her unsuspecting victim down the right street and managed a gasp. "Isn't that a cute place? And for sale, too!"

"So it is."

"Let's look, Rory. What does it cost to look?"

A man answered their knock. "Oh, hello, Mr. Calhoun. I'm glad you could make it so early," and drew from his caller a blank and bewildered stare, which he disregarded. "Your wife was here this afternoon. She said you might come tonight."

Rory shot a glance at the innocent schemer beside him. A grin tugged at his lips. Suddenly he couldn't bear to disappoint her.

In any case, it turned out to be a good deal. They moved in on their fourth anniversary.

Out in the patio stands a metal bucket, now filled with lemon leaves—the same bucket that once held a magnum of champagne on a far-off enchanted evening at the Mocambo.

Lita's career, while not in the discard, is a sometime thing. If it doesn't interfere with their common plans, she'll take an occasional job, as she did in *Red Sundown*. But she prefers freedom to go where he goes—whether it be to Ojai, to their boat at Wilmington, or on location for Universal's *Raw Edge*.

"If it's a marriage, you want to be together. If it's a marriage, you don't change your husband's habits, but learn to like what he likes. For me it's been fun to learn. Once we went fishing with friends in the Colorado River. Everybody put money in the pool and the money would go to whoever caught the first fish, the biggest fish and the most fish. And who do you think won this pool? Lita Calhoun. I was in heaven. It's entirely a new life and a better life. You don't have to wear greasepaint all the time."

Each has his theory of what makes a sound marriage, differently expressed but resolved to the same elements. "Some people," says Rory, "fall hot in love, they marry, they hit the stars, time marches on, the glory fades, they didn't marry an angel. Who's an angel? They start wondering about all the others they passed up. They're not satisfied with the one they loved in the first place. I am. Lita has plenty of temperament. So have I. Sure we

argue. If you've got no fire, you're not worth a tinker's dam. But whatever's bothering us, we lay it on the line."

Says Lita softly: "You grow to love each other more as the years go on. The beginning and end is trust. If there is no trust, there is nothing."

The years have drawn them closer in sorrow as well as joy. They've longed—and still long—for children. Twice their hopes soared and crashed when Lita miscarried. She thinks it hit Rory even harder than her. At first she was too sick to realize. When she did realize, he was standing beside her, his only thought to make her smile again. "Don't worry, darling. Next time we'll have twins."

"Or quintuplets?" she quavered. "Because you know I want twelve."

Meantime they're looking for a child to adopt. A boy of four or five, so Rory can take him fishing. **END**

I'll never be the same

(*Continued from page 38*) Wait and see—you'll be glad to have Marilyn back on her terms."

"One hundred dollars says you're wrong!" The man was scornful.

"One hundred dollars says I'm right!" I was reckless.

I had, at this time, met Marilyn only once, and briefly. But sometimes your bones tell you about people. And I had been impressed with Marilyn's endearing qualities. Sir Laurence Olivier described her so well at that press conference. When a reporter, plainly flabbergasted at the rate at which this little Hollywood blonde was climbing, asked Sir Laurence why he was so sold on Marilyn, he answered:

"She is an expert comedienne. Therefore she must be a good actress.

"And she has the extraordinarily cunning gift of being able to suggest one minute that she's the naughtiest little thing alive and the next that she's beautifully dumb and innocent. So—the audience leaves not knowing quite what she is."

It couldn't be said better.

The grand entrance

I met Marilyn first when she received the New York press to announce that she had quit 20th.

Reporters and cameramen blocked the sidewalk. And inside the elect of the press milled about impatiently. Marilyn was late. Marilyn always is late.

At last Marilyn came inside. She was wearing a white satin dress with tiny straps and a piece of white fur. "Why," I wondered irritably "don't the Milton Greenes who are her good friends—with Milton a fine fashion photographer—help her with her clothes?" Then I forgot she was dressed all wrong, because—curiously enough—she wasn't vulgar in this costume. She was more like a little girl, in spite of her twenty-nine years, who was trying to appear sophisticated and grown-up.

She reminds me of a fawn, without really looking like one. She radiates health and vitality. And I find something wistful in her eyes and remember her years as an orphan when she was boarded out with different families and many times treated as a little slavey.

"I've never told all about my life," she admits to the few she knows well. "No one would believe it all could have happened. They would say I was talking for publicity. It was pretty terrible . . ."

I said to Marilyn, "It must have taken courage to quit Hollywood as you did, to give up all the luxury, the money, the im-

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portance—after being so very poor. . . ."

"No," she said softly. "No, Elsa, it didn't take any courage at all. To have stayed took more courage than I had."

I felt dull-witted, I remember, protesting, "But I don't understand!"

"All any of us have," she said, "is what we carry with us, the satisfaction we get from what we're doing and the way we're doing it. I had no sense of satisfaction at all. And I was scared.

"I know that I always tire of anyone who's the same all the time. So I could see how people soon enough would get tired of me—with the only difference in my screen roles being that in one picture after another I wore pink tights or yellow tights or green tights.

"And by the time this happened I figured I would have become accustomed to having a little luxury and security—so I really would be in trouble.

"Now—well, I've never made much money, considering what I've had to spend. I don't own even a little diamond the size of a pinhead. And I have one fur coat which my husband—I mean my ex-husband—gave me.

"It didn't take any courage to quit. Really it didn't!"

It makes no sense at all, of course, for a girl who looks like Marilyn to sit quietly and talk like this in a soft little voice that is seductive only because it comes out of her. This is much more the sort of thing you would expect from a bespectacled, studious, teeth-in-braces "Brain."

However, I've lived long enough to know life doesn't always stick to the rules; that the perfectly impossible and absolutely ridiculous keeps happening all the time.

The ersatz Monroes

We met again and again, Marilyn and I, as the months went by. Always there was something sweet and quiet about her that got into my heart. Meantime, of course, the would-be Marilyn Monroes were appearing on every hand; brash young women, most of them, with over-developed curves and too much, too blonde hair.

Some may look remotely—and I do mean remotely—like Marilyn Monroe. They may successfully have imitated Marilyn's walk and other physical characteristics. But there—take my word for it—all resemblance ends. In mind and spirit—which are the very essence of any human being—Marilyn and the ersatz Monroes are as far removed as I am from the Venus de Milo.

Always Marilyn was late arriving at parties. "Marilyn Monroe's coming . . ." The excited whisper would be everywhere. Then you'd hear people saying, "Guess she isn't coming after all. She's working like a Trojan these days. Gets to the Actors' Studio early and stays late—just sits watching if she isn't doing anything herself."

All they said was true. But Marilyn usually would arrive later on.

I heard, too, about the nightmarish time her associates had getting her to the Plaza the day she appeared with Sir Laurence—to tell the press about their plans to make *The Sleeping Prince* in England this August. *The Sleeping Prince,* of course, is the Terrence Rattigan play in which Sir Laurence and his wife, Vivien Leigh, enjoyed such success in London. Mr. Rattigan is writing the screenplay which Sir Laurence will direct and co-produce with Marilyn Monroe Productions, Inc.

"What happened?" I asked someone who was with Marilyn that morning.

The friend smiled. "The usual thing. At the last minute, just before we were ready to leave, Marilyn decided to change her dress. Then she had to redo her hair."

I'm bored with people who go around offering psychological explanations for everything. But in Marilyn's case I think the psychology is pretty obvious.

She had the courage to challenge the big movie moguls. She has the ambition to want to know and work with fine artists. But she's also, as I said earlier, like The Scared Young Thing who stays on and on in the powder-room to postpone everything she has worked for and looked forward to.

I was fascinated to see this same pattern apply the day Marilyn and her company were scheduled to leave on an early morning plane for Phoenix, Arizona, where the first scenes for *Bus Stop* were filmed. Her associates, aware of the perpetual difficulty of getting her anywhere on time, packed her bags the night before. But this didn't work. For, a few minutes before it was time to leave, she changed her mind about her traveling costume, unpacked, and missed the plane.

It was inevitable that this would happen. After two long years of revolt she had within her grasp all she had fought for. Josh Logan, that genius with the talent too many "geniuses" lack, was her director. Dan Murray was her co-star. She had a distinguished cast to support her. So she was scared and, like the girl in the powder-room, she sought—consciously or subconsciously—to postpone that moment when she must join the party.

I win

It was, incidentally, when Marilyn left for Hollywood to make *Bus Stop* that I collected my hundred dollar bet from The Man. No one—certainly not The Man, beaming and boasting because his company finally had a contract guaranteeing Marilyn would make four pictures for them during the next seven years—could doubt that I'd won hands down.

For Marilyn has everything she wanted. Among other things she has the right to make outside pictures such as *The Sleeping Prince,* which will be released by Warner Brothers and she has the right to approve her director. Not her scripts, mind you, but her director. This I find a perfect example of her simple directness. She feels she might not be up to judging what a story or even a shooting script would turn out to be. But she can assess a director's reputation by what he has done before. And if a director's reputation is as excellent as Josh Logan's, for instance, she can depend upon any story that gets his blessing.

Lunch with Marilyn

Before Marilyn left for Hollywood we lunched at my apartment in the Waldorf Towers. True to form, she arrived over an hour late. She wore the same improper clothes she had worn to her press conference with Olivier, the low cut black velvet suit with the dress supported by tiny shoulder straps, dangling earrings and with her blonde hair flying. (Remember at the press conference how one of the tiny shoulder straps broke, causing a stampede among the photographers?)

Upon both occasions Marilyn would have been so much better groomed in a well-fitted suit, with her hair held firm.

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Her face would be more important with less hair about. And, in spite of her other charms, this would be desirable. For the planes of her face are young and curving and her eyes, unless they're smiling, are dramatically sad.

I wanted to say, "Oh, Marilyn, my dear, those clothes! They're not right for noonday!"

But she was so excited about all that was happening—with a photographer for The Saturday Evening Post trailing her to report a day in her life with his camera—with the famed Cecil Beaton, photographer of The British Royal Family, awaiting her in his studio for a portrait sitting for Harpers' Bazaar—that I didn't have the heart to criticize her.

It could be, of course, that I wouldn't have fazed her at all. She has a strong mind of her own. And, since for the last two years she's been exposed to the best dressed women in New York, it could be she feels her clothes are right for Marilyn Monroe, publicity-wise at least.

Also we had so many other things to talk about.

Men

I had, with some difficulty, warded off eight men who knew Marilyn was coming to lunch. One by one they had discovered they simply had to see me about something important and, not at all curiously, the only time they had free was midday.

When I told Marilyn about this she laughed.

"If they wanted to see me, Elsa, they were no longer young. Or else they were very young. Only older men and very young boys like me."

When you're exploited, as Marilyn is, as being the very essence of sex, I suppose you feel no need to prove your prowess in this department. Marilyn certainly doesn't. You read very few romantic items about her, except for an occasional mention of Arthur Miller, the playwright, who has, off and on been her escort.

I asked Marilyn about Arthur Miller the other day when she telephoned me from Hollywood. I had read that he was leaving for the coast, to be with her.

"I'll tell you this, Elsa," she said. "I like Arthur very much. And I'm proud to have such a great playwright for my friend. I've had very few friends in my life, as you know."

"I hope one day you marry him," I interrupted.

"You're wonderful!" She laughed happily. "Unfortunately we haven't reached any such serious stage—yet . . . I don't say I won't marry him. But I tell you, honestly, I have no plan to marry him—now . . ."

She was full of enthusiasm about the way *Bus Stop* was going.

"To work for a director like Josh Logan," she said, "that's something!"

I told her of a compliment she had had from Franchot Tone. The evening before, talking to Franchot about the Actors' Studio, I'd described Marilyn's joy at working in *Anna Christie* with Maureen Stapleton, how she had said, "Maureen's such a wonderful actress! I learned so much from her."

"Let me tell you something," Franchot had countered. "Maureen's a great actress. No doubt about that! But when she and Marilyn played *Anna Christie* Marilyn gave an even finer performance."

There was a breathless pause on the wire when I stopped talking. Then came a whisper that sounded down-right frightened, as if Franchot had committed a sacrilege in saying such a thing.

"Oh, no . . ." Marilyn said. "Oh, no, Elsa . . ."

Marilyn admits she is lonely at times

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and that she is unhappy that her marriage with Joe DiMaggio did not work out. She takes the idea of having children very seriously. It may well be her unhappy childhood haunts her when she says, "I wouldn't like to have a child unless I felt myself able and fit to bring it up. It is so difficult for boys and girls who do not have the right surroundings, or the right example in a mother and father."

"I'll never forget"

A friend, a former editor, joined us that day. She has known Marilyn for years, ever since Marilyn played the little blonde whom Groucho Marx chased in *Love Happy*. There never has been a time when this friend has not been able to count on Marilyn's cooperation and friendship. She said something of this to Marilyn, appreciatively.

"But how could I do otherwise—after that trip we went on, remember . . . when that prize house was presented to a contest winner way up in New York state? She was a war widow, with a little boy, remember? And she was on crutches because she'd had a skiing accident.

"I'll never forget how we saw Monty Woolley—beard and all . . . He was getting on the train at Albany when we got off. Remember? And remember that nice steward in the diner? We did send him the autographed pictures, I hope . . . Oh, I remember we did.

"And that man who handled the broadcast of the presentation ceremonies . . . Wasn't he wonderful at handling crowds?"

There was no detail so small that Marilyn did not recall it. No Great Star, she, who stands aloof and elegant while she looks at the world merely as something that revolves around her.

She has so much to offer in the human department. Which is why those who seek to replace her fall so far short of the mark. They lack that little extra portion which at once made Marilyn a star and then sent her running from stardom to learn the business of acting so that her fame, instead of being a flash in the pan, might survive.

As I write Marilyn is living in Beverly Hills with the Milton Greenes, just as she planned to do that day we lunched.

"I enjoy being with the Greenes," she told me. "They're kind and stimulating people. Moreover, they have a wonderful cook. I want to learn to cook. And their Kitty has promised to teach me.

"I want to be able to turn out a souffle that is high and crusty and savory. I want to learn to flip an omelette."

She twisted her hips and looked at me over her shoulder as she spoke—in imitation of her screen personality, laughing as she mocked herself.

The little orphan slavey who spent the first years of her life washing other peoples' clothes and dishes has come a long way. So has the little blonde who spent the first years of her movie life being famous for her bosom and the way she walked.

I often wonder about Marilyn's family tree. There must be an ancestor or two tucked away who is responsible for the native intelligence that lies under her blonde hair, and the warm heart that lies beneath her curving bosom.

In the world today there are far too few exciting people. Everybody wants to play it safe, to get as much as they can for as little as possible. It's good to meet someone who tilts at windmills—or movie titans—who risks everything rather than be swept to oblivion on a golden tide.

All of which is why, to me, Marilyn Monroe—just as I said when I began this story—is the most exciting girl in all the world. **END**

jean simmons

(*Continued from page 62*) husband. They've crossed the sea on visits. Visiting and living, however, are two different things. During their few months in residence, they've wrapped themselves securely round her heart. "I grew to love them so much that I realized how dearly I wanted one of my own."

Whatever their share in promoting a new baby, they're wholly responsible for the new house. Or, more accurately, for the sale of the old one. "That eyrie," says Granger, "was ideal for two bachelors. But suddenly we inherited two children and now at once the house becomes too small. There was also the cliff. Visions began to haunt me. I saw my lively progeny tumbling over the edge, tangling with poison oak and rattlesnakes, possibly breaking a small bone here and there. This didn't conduce to restful slumber. It was then that I hatched a major inspiration. 'How,' I asked Jean, 'would you like to live in Switzerland?'"

For so drastic a change, he had solid reasons to advance. Jean has a mother in England whom she loves. So has Jimmy, so have the children. From Switzerland, they'd be more accessible to one another. Switzerland teems with wonderful schools for kids. The plane service is superb. Two hours or less would take them to Rome or Vienna, to London or Paris. They could work in England or on the continent. They could fly back to Hollywood when Hollywood called.

Jean agreed, apparently without reservations, and departed for the New York première of *Guys And Dolls*. Jimmy stayed behind. The just-arrived children needed a parent with them. Besides, he had the house to sell. And the furniture with it.

Up the hill one day came a Texan, feminine. He showed her around. "I want it," she said.

"I want so-much for it," said he.

"I can't possibly go that high."

"Swell," said Granger, on whose British tongue American slang still sounds strange to American ears, though not to his own. "Because I don't want to sell it!"

Foiled on that front, she attacked from another. "Your cat seems to have scratched the furniture. It's shabby."

He went lordly on her. "Madame, if the furniture weren't shabby, it would cost you twenty-five thousand more. Do you want it or don't you?"

Even a Texan knows when she's stymied. Out came the checkbook. Jimmy phoned Jean on a note of elation. "I've sold the house and all the beautiful furniture."

From three thousand miles away came an audible gulp. "Oh," she said. Hardly what he'd expected, but understandable. After all, the house had spelled happiness to them both and the end of anything strikes a melancholy chord in spite of yourself. "When you get back, we'll take a trip to Switzerland. We'll have a look-round for the right house and the right school for the children and everything will be fine."

"Yes," she said, sounding flatter than ever. Well, the poor dear was tired. Premières, with their attendant publicity, can be as exhausting as they're exciting. But one thing he couldn't understand. Why was his true love crawling back to him by train instead of flying as usual?

Arguing inside

On her return the mystery solved itself. He unfolded plans. She listened in silence,

her silence louder than words if you know Jean as her husband does. "She never argues. Not the way other people do. She has her own way. If I say, 'We'll do this,' and Jean says, 'Good,' then it's good. If she says nothing at all, it's no good. It means she's arguing away like mad inside."

That evening the more he talked, the more argumentative her silence. It stopped him cold. "All right, what's the matter?"

"I can't stand flying."

"Since when?"

"Since this last flight east. I never really liked it but I didn't loathe it till now. It was rough, Jimmy. I was terrified the whole time. It's not worth being that frightened for the sake of flying. I'll never fly again as long as I live."

This revelation rocked Jimmy momentarily and knocked the props out of Switzerland for good. "The whole joy of it was, you could nip in and out at will. But suddenly your wife can't abide planes, and you see yourself living your life entirely surrounded by mountains, which wasn't the idea. On the other hand, you've got to get out of your house within two weeks, so what happens now? 'I don't know,' says Jean, and does a bit of a weep. I make clucking noises. Next day starts a fantastic, hysterical househunt, with fourteen agents working for us. Meantime we require shelter, so we rent a place in Palm Springs, beginning December 10th. In Palm Springs we'll have two lovely months of sunshine and peace. And fourteen agents should be able to find us a house."

Their business manager found it in less than two weeks, and talked in riddles. "You mustn't buy it, it's far too expensive for you, but I'd like you to see it."

"What for, if we can't buy it?"

"Because it's so beautiful."

When the same bug bites the Grangers, a chemical reaction sets in. They call it perking. Already they'd seen a number of houses. Nice houses. Irreproachable houses. "Lovely," said Jean. "Delightful," said Jimmy. They'd look at each other and nothing happened. They didn't want it.

The house in Bel-Air, designed by Allan Siple, proved another story. One glimpse of the outside, with its happy marriage of wood and mellow red brick, lifted their hearts. Inside, two warm and gracious high-ceilinged rooms formed the living area with just enough glass to balance enough burnished wood. By the time they'd inspected the sleeping quarters upstairs and a self-contained suite for the children on the other side, they were perking on all cylinders. Jean began figuring where she could put this and that. Jimmy began figuring how many pictures they'd have to make to cover the cost. The owner said little. They felt for her. They realized how it must hurt to part with this gem.

Back in the car Jimmy was first to speak. "What should we offer?

"You can't afford it," said the manager, waiting to be coaxed. Jean's green eyes coaxed him. "All right. Better a house you *can't* afford with a good resale value than one you *can* afford that nobody wants."

They signed the escrow papers a few days later and discovered that a single misstep might have been fatal. The about-to-be-ex-owner smiled up at them, albeit sadly, "Had you found one fault with that house, I wouldn't have sold it to you."

Man proposes

Now for two carefree months at Palm Springs. Man proposes and the studio disposes. Three carefree days, and a call from MGM punctured the peace. Added scenes for *Bhowani Junction* would require Mr. Granger to fly to London on the 29th. Let him take it from there.

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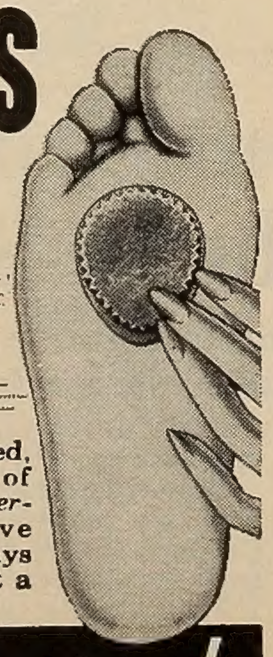
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more, and we come full circle with a call from Fox. Jean's got to start *Hilda Crane* right after Christmas. Our holiday's shot. We keep trekking into town for confabs and fittings. Jean looks doleful. She likes me around when she's working, because then she can tell me how clever she was and how everybody loves her. For the literal-minded, this should be labeled a jest. Consider it so labeled. The fact of the matter is that I'm likely to get home from the studio, feeling low. 'I was awful,' I groan. To lift the gloom, she cocks her head like a cheeky sparrow. '*I* was rather good.' Which makes me laugh, which is why she does it. Apart from which foolery, of *course* she wants me around. To coddle and make a fuss over her. That's her right. Coming back to nothing after a tough day's work is neither her idea of fun nor mine."

A dog with two tails

Before he took off on Friday, the 29th, Jean let fall the suspicion that she might be pregnant. But casually and without too much conviction, since earlier suspicions had proven groundless. Nevertheless, she went to the doctor on Saturday and gave him a piece of priceless information. "On the way here I saw a dog with two tails."

"You're sure of that?"

"I could swear it."

"We'll make the test," he said gravely, "though we don't really need it. If you saw a dog with two tails, you're pregnant."

To Jimmy in London, on the last day of the year, a cable was delivered. "Wonderful news. You're going to be a father!"

He stood staring at it. "Stupidly," he insists. "Thinking wonderful and again wonderful and how are we ever going to pay for the house?"

This is pure Grangerese. Translated, it means that his head was knocking the stars but heaven forbid that his heart show up on his sleeve. He got Jean on the phone. He talked to the children.

"Jean told us first," cried Lindsay.

"Being rather excited," Jamie reported, "we socked her down on the floor and trampled her. But don't worry, Dad. We'll treat her very gently from now on."

Dad mopped a suddenly damp brow. "See that you do!"

Two weeks later he was thankful to be flying home, so he could take the job over himself. No more separations. It was sufficiently outrageous that he shouldn't have been with his wife when she learned about the baby. His plane landed three hours late. Jean seemed rather subdued. Apprehension clutched him. "What's wrong?"

"I'm leaving for Reno at 6 tomorrow morning." She patted his hand. "Not for a divorce, darling. Just on location."

And now . . .

Hilda Crane's finished now. Granger's next film isn't set. While he was in London and Jean at work, their secretary moved them into the new house.

They live quietly as always. Under the serene surface, however, you can't but be conscious of an inner ferment, controlled yet apparent, focussed on a day in late August or early September. Call it waiting for baby. Or babies, as far as Lindsay and Jamie are concerned. Their initial plea granted, they've doubled their order. "We'd like twins. One apiece."

"Make it triplets," advises Jimmy. "Then at least we can have all the godparents we want." They want three sets—the Bert Allenbergs, the Cary Grants, the Sam Zimbalists.

Thus, in spite of himself, Granger breaks his rule not to make plans. But only where he feels strongly. He feels strongly on the subject of nurses. "There will be a nanny. But she will be paid by us to do certain chores. So often the child turns for advice, comfort and warmth to the nanny, not to the parents. Then what are parents for? To provide food and shelter, to say good night and good morning? That way lies disaster. The child will know that it is ours. So will the nanny."

For the most part, however, he's taking it day by day, grateful for Jean's well-being and good sense. She follows doctor's orders, she's not gaining too much weight, she does as the book says.

"With a couple of minor and forgivable lapses. Women are supposed to have these strange desires. Like larks' tongues out of season. My wife's desires are less ethereal."

In the book it says you mustn't eat fried foods. Jean adores fried bread. One morning she opened her eyes, sniffing. "I can smell fried bread."

"You can smell nothing of the sort."

She beamed hopefully. "I know. You're going to surprise me."

"I'm surprising you by giving you no fried bread."

Next morning she awoke with the same plaintive cry, and the next. He marched himself to the kitchen. He fried bread. He took it to Jean. He stuffed her so full that she hasn't been able to endure it since.

On another occasion she craved sausage and had some for breakfast. Also for lunch. "Not for dinner, too?" he gasped.

"I wonder what it means?" she mused, eating placidly away. "D'you suppose we're going to have a little pig?"

Those young monkeys

Though he still sneaks into the kitchen when the mood's on him, Jimmy's no longer chef. Cooking for four becomes a complicated business, especially when the youngsters dine at 6 and their elders later. Otherwise, the household runs pretty well as it used to. Jamie and Lindsay, mannerly kids, don't take over. They don't, in their father's phrase, "glump in and turn on TV, unless we're prepared to watch it, too. I'm no believer in the school of total self-sacrifice, which stultifies the adult and smothers the child. In a few years they'll be living lives of their own. We hope they'll always want us in their lives, as we'll want them in ours. To achieve that end, you hang on to your identity. Else you wind up a dreary millstone round your child's neck."

The principal change in their pattern is an inward one. "In the old days we shut that door on top of the hill and thought we were supremely happy all by ourselves.

"Yet somehow we're happier now. Without those young monkeys and the funny little things they do, the place would seem quite empty. Unfunny things as well. Jamie fell ill not long ago, really ill with a fever of 104. When you've nursed a child through the night, when you've seen him utterly helpless and dependent on you—well, I don't propose to flounder in sentiment, but something happens—"

"What happens," said Jean, "is simple. It's just nice to have them."

In short, they're the source not only of new warmth round the house, but of new laughter. Like most fathers of daughters, Granger's already turning a jaundiced eye on Lindsay's suitors-to-be. "I suspect she's going to like all the ones I don't like. The solid specimens I approve of she'll blithely ignore. About Jamie I'm less concerned. He's picked his first girl and she's an absolute duck."

He rose and moved to the window. Outside, the gardener was still at work on the elm. Granger's face brightened. "You know, that tree's going to be all right."

We think everything will be. The transplanted tree. The transplanted children. The baby to come. Cherished by Jean and the boss, how can they miss? **END**

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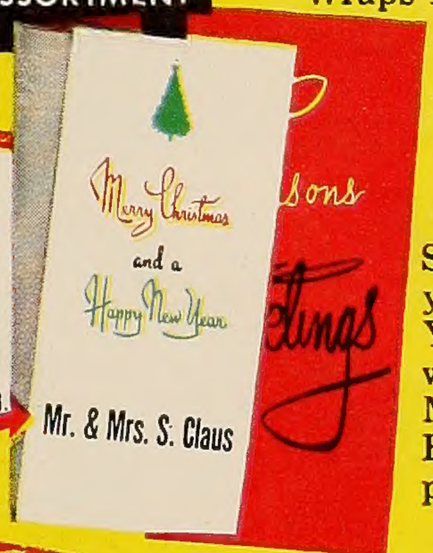
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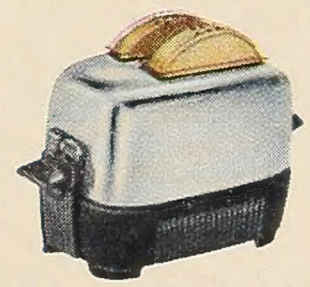
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